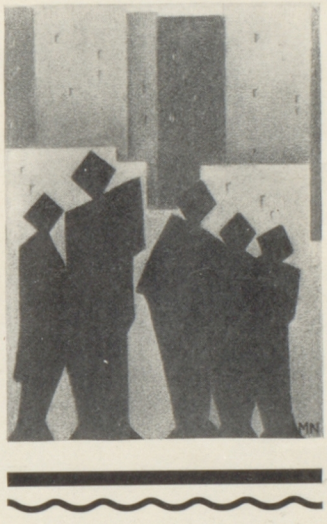


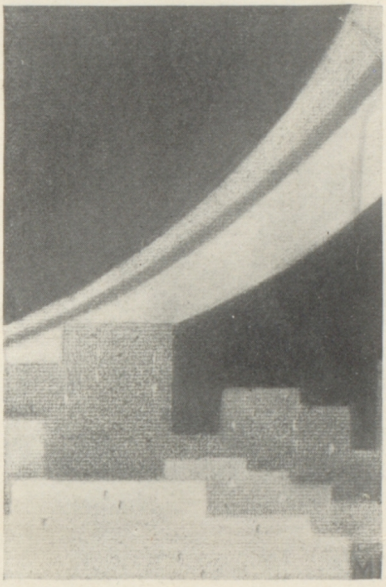
THE TIGER
JUNE 1930



EX LIBRIS

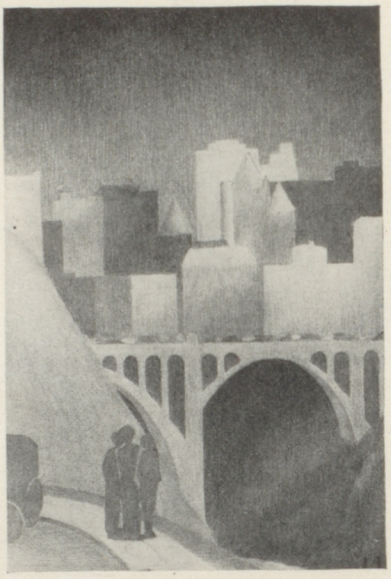


THE TIGER
JUNE 1930



Published by the Senior A Class of the Lewis and Clark High School of Spokane, Washington

DEDICATION



To the progressive spirit which pervades Spokane and the Inland Empire and which is rapidly bringing to our community the recognition it richly deserves, we the class of June, 1930, dedicate this Tiger.

CONTENTS

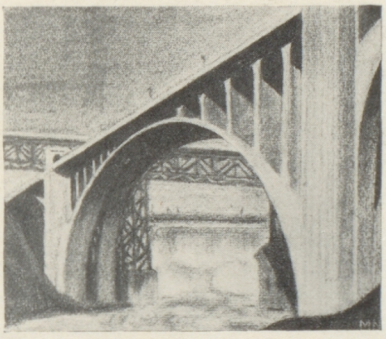
Seniors 15

Literary 45

Athletics 71

Activities 89

Advertising 109





The Tiger staff wishes to acknowledge that the school itself is the primary inspiration for this annual. The progressive spirit which exists throughout the school is symbolic of "Forward Spokane." We thank Miss Gwinn and Mr. Teaklefor their kindlyaid and constructive criticism in the book's development. We owe much to Mr. Baten who upheld the business end admirably. Miss Fisken gave invaluable support to the art staff, aiding also with the general make-up of the book. We would like to express our appreciation of the voluntary work of Robin Bradley in taking many of the pictures included in this Tiger.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS



TIGER STAFF HEADS


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HUMOR EDITOR
CHARLES BENSON
BOY'S ACTIVITIES
VERNON JOHNSON
ART ASSISTANT
VERLE LARSON
ART ASSISTANT
LILLIAN LEWIS
ART ASSISTANT
ELIZABETH SLADDEN
ART ASSISTANT
MARGARET NEVELL
ART ASSISTANT
PERCY PHARR, JR.
LITERARY EDITOR
JEAN ROBINSON
ART ASSISTANT
HELEN SESSIONS
GIRL'S ACTIVITIES
ISLA WARD
HUMOR EDITOR
ELENOR WESTBERG

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN PARKER ..... *Vice-Principal*
FRANCES M. STUBBLEFIELD ..... *Vocational Director*

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Marie Emma Sturow

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Gracia C. White

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Dorothy McQuiston
Margaret McQuiston
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Carrie E. Lake
Thomas Large

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Rudolph Meyer

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I. T. Johnsrud

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Mabel A. Turner

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Peter G. Hupperten
William Smith

GIRLS' PHYSICAL EDUCATION

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Ann Norvell
Monda Velikanje

STUDY HALL TEACHERS

Elsie Bengel
Alice S. Lehmann

JOURNALISM

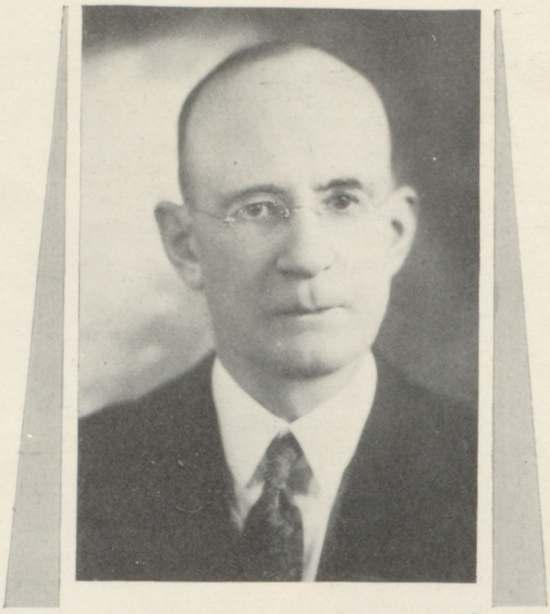
Carl G. Miller

BOOK CLERK

Bess Blanchard

OFFICE

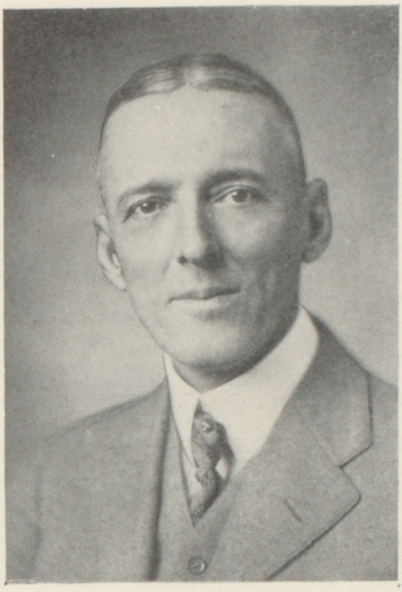
Myrtle Elliot ..... *Secretary*
Dorothy Johnson ..... *Assistant Secretary*
Dorothy Bernson ..... *Cashier*



THOMAS TEAKLE

The day for severing your active student relationship with Lewis and Clark is at hand. That day promises to hold the major interest of the year. It is a day for comparison and speculation—comparison of your group accomplishments with those of similar groups who have gone before; speculation upon and appraisal of individual members in the light of what has already been done. It is for no one to say that you suffer through comparison while all may say individual prospects are equally bright. Considerate of you in the past may life be equally or more careful of you in the future. May life's best always be yours!

CLASS ADVISOR'S MESSAGE



HENRY M. HART

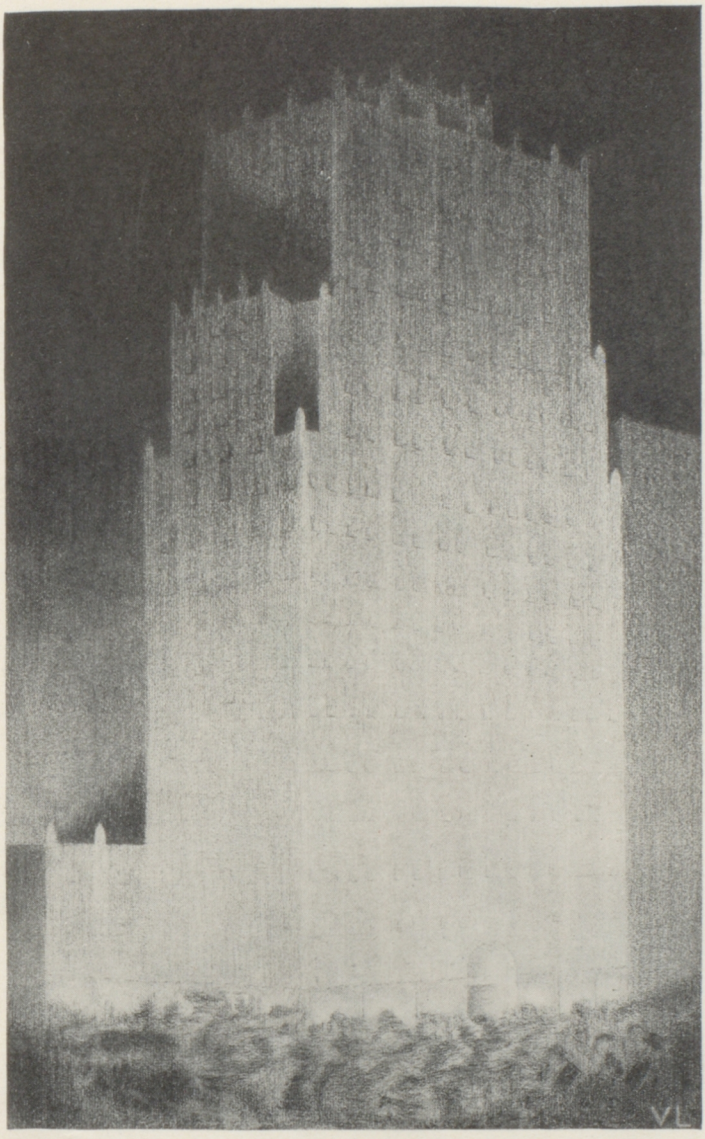
It is with high sense of personal privilege that I give a greeting and a farewell to another great Lewis and Clark class. The community has invested money that you may be prepared through broader understanding for useful service and the responsibilities of citizenship. Teachers have found joy and priceless inspiration in leading you to the magic of opportunity in a land of wonderful resources. All of us wish you energy and courage and boundless faith. May you be fine representatives of Lewis and Clark; good citizens; and live careers of happiness and harmony.

THE PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

IN BUILDING SPOKANE THE CLASS OF 1930 WILL WORK MAINLY IN LARGER GROUPS. THEY WILL BUILD GREATER BUILDINGS AND CHANGE SOME PARKS INTO AIR FIELDS, BUT WE HOPE THAT THEY WILL EVER HAVE A KINDLY WORD FOR THE SICK AND THE STRANGER WITHIN OUR GATES SO THAT SPOKANE MAY ALWAYS BE KNOWN AS "THE FRIENDLY CITY."

DR. C. B. WARD

President Spokane County Medical Assn.



SENIORS



CLASS OFFICERS



Abraham, Lucille
Allen, Charlotte
Anderson, Eileen
Anderson, Rowena
Bacchus, Helen
Bacon, Elbridge
Acorn, Gordon
Aller, Herbert
Aust, Marguerite
Baker, Myrtle
Adams, Jack
Alton, Raymond
Austin, Gladys
Balzer, Edward



Bannerman, Lucille
Baumgartner, George
Bergin, Almond
Besgrove, John
Bannister, Moreeta
Beal, Robert
Bernson, Dorothy
Betts, Dorothy
Bardwell, Ethel
Benson, Charles
Bertles, Elizabeth
Blackwell, Robert
Bertolin, Eleanor
Blair, Elizabeth



Braham, Mabel
Brother, Irene

Blossey, Daniel
Bowker, Helen
Brawman, Lillian
Bryan, Elizabeth

Boss, Dorothy
Boyd, William
Brewer, Lular
Bryant, Frank

Bowker, Edwin
Bradley, Robin
Broom, Helen
Buckner, Cecile



Buell, Ralph
Bushnell, Florence
Cahill, Katherine
Coble, Ronald
Burr, Helen
Bussard, Dorothy
Carter, Marvel
Cohen, Albert
Burrus, Gerald
Buxton, Robert
Chapman, Florence
Cooley, Ralph
Coates, Bessie
Cooper, Sidney



Costanzo, Marie
Dahl, Agnes
Del Vechio, Mary
Denny, Walter
Dorman, Ben
Dowd, Mary
Cowley, Dorothy
Dahl, John
Dias, Kathryn
Dreher, Turner
Curtis, Franklin
Daugherty, Susie
Dittmer, Ava
Dreyer, Alberta



Eash, Maynard
Ely, June
Fancher, Ward
Fetterman, Isaac

Edelstein, Lillian
Eneroth, Carlene
Fanshier, Edna
Fiala, Dorothy

Egan, Kathryn
Evers, Katherine
Fenstermacher, Wesley
Finley, Mae

Ferguson, Atlee
Floan, Leonard



Fry, Mildred
Geraghty, Cyril
Force, Helen
Frazier, Mildred
Fursey,Frances
Gerst, Eleanor
Foster, Gladys
Fry, Florence
Geibel, Paul
Gibbs, Marian
Foster, Patricia
Fry, Margaret
Geist, Walter
Glimstad, Signe



Goeke, Eleanor
Green, Howard
Grenfell, Margaret
Hanson, Ethel
Gooding, Larhea
Greenway, Jack
Gusdorf, Harriette
Hart, Ione
Graf, Leonard
Greisser, Robert
Hadley, Bonnie
Hawley, Elizabeth
Hanna, Gleela
Hemingway, Alvina



Hewitt, Alice
Hogan, Alice
Holm, Pearl
Holman, Philip
Hopkins, Margaret
Houk, Allen

Hillman, Carl
Hogue, Alice Jean
Holston, Irene
Hubble, Doris

Hoag, Paul
Holloway, Evah May
Hooks, Monte
Hughes, Ellen Jane



Hughes, Floyd
Jaehn, Leah
Jensen, Frances
Johnson, Vernon
Hummel, Ruth
Jamme, Eleanor
Johnson, Edwin
Kalin, Sam
Hunt, Grace
Jandl, Rudolph
Johnson, Gardner
Karkau, Katherine
Johnson, John
Kellom, Mable



Larson, Verle
Lewis, Lillian
Kerr, Edith
Kohlstaedt, Frederic
Lawson, Mable
Little, Evelyn
Kidder, Warren
Kurz, Virginia
Lee, Peter
Lofsvold, Fred
Killen, Katherine
Larson, George
Lewis, James
Logan, Jean



Long, Doris
Lussier, Leona
Macho, Helen
Malott, Diana
Loomis, George
Lyng, Margaret
MacIntosh, Jack
Markham, Penfield
Maddux, Elizabeth
Martin, Opal



	Matthews, Lillian	Mauser, Kathleen	M
	McCallum, George	McCarthy, Joseph	M
McDonell, Bernard	McDowell, George	McKean, Donald	M
Means, Charles	Meyer, Harvey	Moffitt, Thelma	M







Quinn, Tom
Rashkov, Bessie
Reinwald, Bertha
Robinson, Jean
Raish, Charles
Rashkov, Roberta
Renshaw, Louise
Rohde, Arnold
Ramage, Janet
Redfield, Herbert
Roberts, Ernest
Russell, Francis
Roberts, Margaret
Schenkenberger, Alice



Schlager, Beatrice
Schlosser, Daniel
Schmidt, Arthur
Schmidt, Joseph
Schomer, Adalyn
Schroder, Martin
Schultz, Miriam
Sessions, Helen
Skene, Mary
Slater, Charlotte
Smart, Mary
Smith, Alleyne
Smith, Helen
Spencer, Almon



Spencer, Naomi
Starlin, Iris
Stevens, Leroy
Swann, Preston
Sprague, Gloria
Stearns, Sumner
Strand, Earl
Taschereau, Charles
Sprague, Virgil
Stephenson, Ruth
Strang, Richard
Tedlie, Clyde
Sutherlin, Gaines
Tewinkel, Maurice



Tewinkel, Mildred
Valliant, Lois
Wahlstrom, Elizabeth
Weidner, Norma

Thomson, Dorothy
Vickerson, Sophie
Wappenstein, Virginia
Weiner, Louis

Timmerman, Pearl
von Oven, Katherine
Ward, Isla
Westberg, Elenor

Tombari, Henry
Vortman, Bernice
Weholt, Ted
Weston, Raymond



Whalen, Thaddeus
Wills, Mary
Witter, John
Wyland, Helen

White, Harriett
Wilson, Genevieve
Wobbe, Dorothy
Yonago, Jack

Wiesner, Marion
Wilson, Joseph
Wolter, Dorothy
Young, Harold

Williams, Dorothy
Winans, Merritt
Wortman, Mary Beth
Zimmerman, Dorothy

SENIOR WHO'S WHO

Valedictorian and Salutatorian

Frances Fursey Jean Robinson

LETTER AWARDS

Jack Adams, Football.

Edwin Bowker, Baseball***, Basketball**, Football***, Track**.

Gerald Burrus, Cross Country**, Track.

Cyril Geraghty, Baseball, Basketball*, Football*.

Vernon Johnson, Cross Country.

Rosemary Lovell, Swimming.

Bernard McDonell, Football.

Ruth Mosely, Tennis***.

Tony Perry, Football.

Louise Renshaw, Tennis.

Clyde Tedlie, Baseball**, Basketball**.

Isla Ward, Swimming**.

Dorothy Williams, Swimming.

Merritt Winans, Tennis.

PAST FEDERATION OFFICERS

Betty Bertles, Treasurer, Business Mgr.

Robert Blackwell, Vice-President.

Edwin Bowker, Sec'y, Vice-Pres., Pres.

Cyril Geraghty, Treasurer.

Jean Logan, Secretary.

Dorothy Thomson, Secretary.

Isla Ward, Sergeant-at-arms, Vice-Pres.

LITERARY

Outstanding in literary, oratory, and debate activities during their high school course are: Sidney Cooper, state debate '29, 2nd place in Constitutional Contest '30, 1st place in North Eastern Washington High School Oratorical League '30; Franklin Curtis, 1st place in Constitutional Contest '30, 1st place in S. A. R. Contest '30; Florence Fry, 3rd place in Essay Contest January '30; Cyril Geraghty, honorable mention in Essay Contest June '29; Doris Hubble, honorable mention in Essay Contest January '30; Rosemary Lovell, 4th Place in headline writing in Pacific Coast Quill and Scroll Contest '30; Eldon Magnuson, 3rd place in news writing in National Quill and Scroll Contest; Edith McAllister, 1st place in Poetry Contest '29; Donald McKean, honorable mention in Essay Contest January '30, 3rd place in Quill and Scroll Group Contest; Mildred Peterson, state debate '29; Marjorie Poorman, 5th place in headline writing in Pacific Coast Quill and Scroll Contest; Jean Robinson, 3rd place in Poetry Contest '29, honorable mention in Essay Contest January '30; Harriett White, 1st place in Essay Contest, January '30.

SENIOR WHO'S WHO

MUSIC

CANTATAS:

Lucille Bannerman
Robert Beal
Daniel Blossey
Helen Bowker
Elizabeth Bryan
Ralph Cooley
Franklin Curtis
Mildred Frazier
Gleela Hanna
Alice Hogan
Philip Holman
Evelyn Little
Dorine Long
Doris Long
Kathleen Mauser
Edith McAllister
George McDowell
Elnora Myhre
Robert Pratt
Helen Pinkerton
Charlotte Slater
Mary Beth Wortman

ORCHESTRA:

Gladys Austin
Helen Bacchus
Elbridge Bacon
Ralph Cooley
Eleanor Goeke
Rudolph Jandl
George McCallum
Donald McKean
Charles Means
Tony Perry
Genevieve Wilson
Merritt Winans

BAND:

Elbridge Bacon
Walter Denny
Wesley Fenstermacher
Jack Greenway
Robert Greisser
Paul Hoag
Warren Kidder
George Larson
Penfield Markham
Joseph McCarthy
Charles Means
Carl Olson
Charles Raish
Dan Schlosser
Merritt Winans
Jack Yonago

CREST

The following members of the Senior A class received the Crest Award after the engraving for the Tiger had been completed, and therefore their pictures do not appear on the next two pages:

Elizabeth Bryan—For excellence of work in interior decoration.

Franklin Curtis—For excellence in oratory and interclass debate.

Vernon Johnson—For excellence in news and magazine writing, with acceptances from many magazines and journals of national circulation.

Eldon Magnuson—For noteworthy achievement in winning third place in the national Quill and Scroll contest and for highly creditable work on school publications.

Donald McKean—For leadership in editorial work on the Lewis and Clark Journal.

Edith McAllister—For excellence in writing, reflecting credit and honor upon the school through the publication of poetry in national magazines.

Lillian Olson, Alma Ottevaere—For the generous employment of time and talent in school banking, bringing to Lewis and Clark a record of ninety-five consecutive perfect days in school savings, thus establishing a national record.

Harriett White—For generous employment of talent in the interest of the school in the Papyrus Club, Lewis and Clark Journal, and Girls' Federation.

Katherine von Oven—For the establishing of a new record in advertising salesmanship, coupled with unusual scholarship.



LEWIS AND CLARK



CREST AWARDS

CLASS PLAY

"THE Judsons Entertain" was the comedy presented by the June graduating class of 1930 on April 25. Throughout this entertaining play the attention of the audience was held by the many humorous situations and the realistic acting of the cast. A great tribute should be paid to Mr. McElvain for his skill in directing the play.

The young newly-weds, the Judsons, are having difficulty in having Wallace's work receive its proper recognition. However, he has a most enterprising friend who is a great admirer of his work and promises to promote him to success.

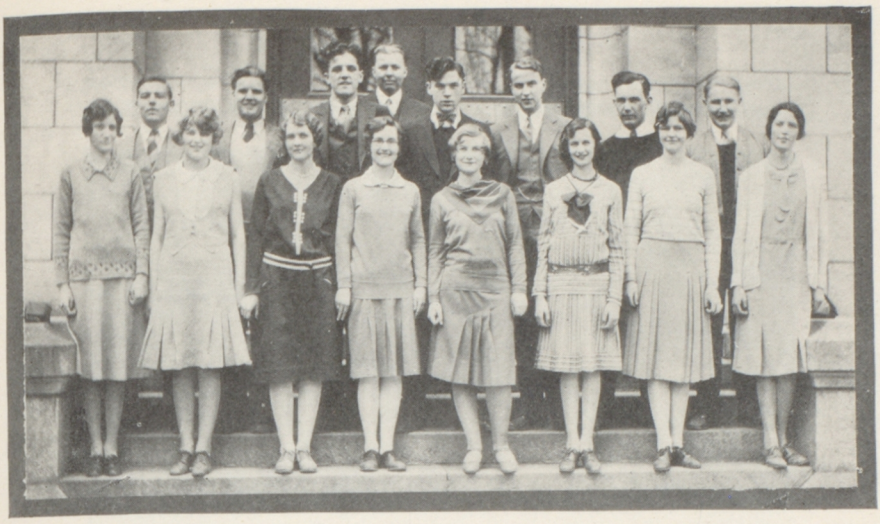
To cut down expenses they decide to go and live in their Aunt's home while she is on her vacation to Maine. Tucker Whipple calls and says that he is going to drop in and see them. He drops in and he brings with him three acquaintances who he considers will be beneficial to the career of the young Mr. Judson; therefore, he asks them to spend a month with his friend the Judsons, who are extremely wealthy and have nothing better than to entertain house guests. The unwelcome guests are Bettina Blandish, movie star who is now trying to obtain a new contract, Phyllis Stotenboucher, who is of a famous old family but it teaching Miss Blandish correct English, and the last member of the party, young Charles Fallon, who is a Harvard graduate and at the time merely trying to find himself.

Wallace Judson in desperation decides to pawn the family silver and his wife's jewels. Unfortunately he is mistaken by Christophene's suitor for a burglar. The whole house is aroused and it is discovered that there is not one of them who has any more money than Wallace. They hope for a millionaire who would solve all their problems and help them entertain the newspaper reporters who are arriving for the week-end.

In walks Aunt Hulda who has been in a railroad accident and has been escorted home by Mr. Fallon. Charles is reconciled with his father who is delighted with his engagement to Phyllis. He is willing to finance Miss Standish which will make it possible for her to marry her publicity man, Tucker Whipple.

Mr. Fallon has seen some of Judson's drawings and he considers them to be the work of a genius. Everyone is happy because of the generosity of Mr. Fallon who is now becoming interested in kind Aunt Hulda.

Mr. and Mrs. Judson are brought to life through the skillful action of Franklin Curtis and Marion Wiesner. Prim Miss Hulda is acted by Margaret Roberts. Ralph Buell is an original promoter and live wire.



CLASS PLAY

Front Row—Margaret Roberts, Maxine Noland, Lillian Olson, Marion Wiesner, Mary Beth Wortman, Jean Logan, Margaret Lyng, Harriet White.
Back Row—George McCallum, Edwin Johnson, Ralph Buell, Mr. McElvain, Franklin Curtis, Robert Blackwell, Jack Adams, John Witter.

Mary Wortman is the charming Phyllis. Bob Blackwell acts with ease the part of the sincere and extremely pleasant Harvard graduate.

Lillian Olson is a good hearted but an extremely unpolished movie star.

Margaret Lyng has the difficult part of an emotional maid.

CAST

Wallace Judson	Franklin Curtis
Mildred Judson	Marion Wiesner
Miss Hulda Judson	Margaret Roberts
Mr. Tucker Whipple	Ralph Buell
Phyllis Stotenboucher	Mary Beth Wortman
Charles Fallon	Robert Blackwell
Bettina Blandish	Lillian Olson
Christophene	Margaret Lyng
Mrs. Babbidge	Harriett White
Expressman	John Witter
Mr. Fallon, Sr.	George McCallum

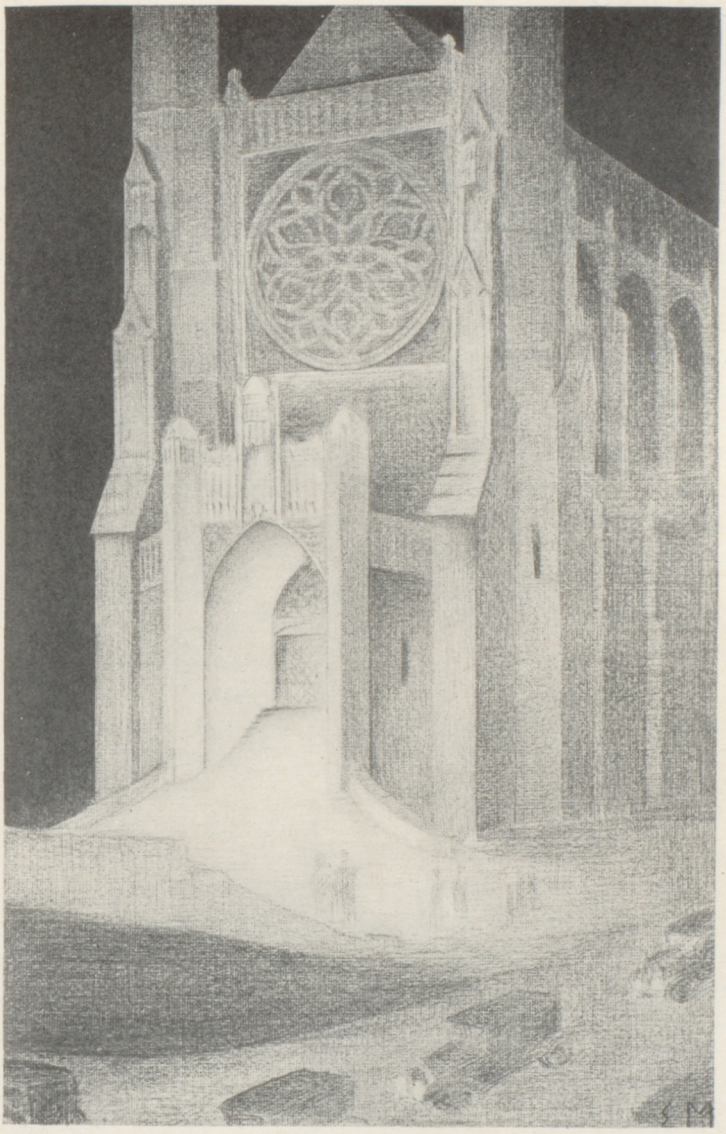
MANAGEMENT

Prompter	Jean Logan
Wardrobe Mistress	Maxine Noland
Business Manager	Jack Adams
Property Manager	Edwin Johnson
Electrician	Preston Swann
Stage Manager	Lloyd Avery
Assistant Stage Manager	Bob Phillips

SPOKANE, THE HOME OF THE "CHILDREN OF THE SUN," SALUTES AFFECTIONATELY AND PROUDLY THE CLASS OF 1930. WE LOOK TO THEM TO TRANSMUTE CLASS AND SCHOOL LOYALTY INTO CIVIC LOYALTY, TO BETTER OUR WORKMANSHIP, AND TO HELP GENEROUSLY IN THE TASK OF MOLDING OUR CITY AND ITS CIVIC LIFE NEARER TO THE HEART'S DESIRE.

BEN H. KIZER

President Spokane Chamber of Commerce.



LITERARY

CLASS HISTORY

May 23, 1930.

Dear Diary,

I have been looking back over your pages where, for the past four years you have kept faithfully, if a little sketchily, the history of our class. Ye gods! could a Senior A *ever* have made that first wildly enthusiastic entry? Now, ahem, that we are about to graduate it hardly seems possible that there could have been a day when we, like so many timid foreigners, were naturalized into the student body by means of big sisters, big brothers, practical jokes, and all the ancient paraphernalia of Freshies. However, we managed to weather the probationary period, and after three years of hoping, despairing and envying our betters, we finally attained the dignity of the twelfth grade ourselves. At our first Senior B class meeting we proved our parliamentary ability by electing an efficient group of class officers—Cyril Geraghty as president, Charles Means as vice-president, Isla Ward as secretary, Lillian Olson as treasurer, and Elbridge Bacon as fifth executive. Being recognized as a class boosted our vanity, and we wore green and silver colors with the greatest pomposity. We gave a convocation that was quite a success and added considerably to the playfield fund. Now as Senior A's, with Edwin Bowker as president, Theodore Weholt as vice-president, Edwin Johnson as secretary, Lillian Olson as treasurer, and Robert Blackwell as fifth executive, we are launching spiritedly into various activities. All ready the class play, "The Judsons Entertain," stands to our credit, thanks to the ability of a splendid cast. Two red letter days still lie ahead of us, Baccalaureate Sunday, June 2, when Reverend Charles Pease will bring us a message, and the day of days, June 6, when we shall receive our long sought diplomas, and relinquish our titles as students to become alumni.

And so, diary, having attained the glory of graduation, we shall be dashed again to the ignominy of Freshiedom, but until Mr. Einstein does something about that fourth dimension . . . *sic vita est!*

—*Edith McAllister.*

CLASS WILL

AS a long-suffering patient (4 years), when he is about to fade into oblivion, hurriedly calls a lawyer and a witness to his last testament, that his most valuable possessions be not spread among those unappreciative ones, thus the June Class of 1930 hereby calls its lawyer, Mr. Thos. Teakle, and witness, Frederick Grant Nogle, to testify that the following is its last will. With fond thoughts for those nearest and dearest, the class does bequeath to these same its highly treasured possessions with the hope that the latter may use them to greater disadvantages than it has done.

The patient, namely the Class of June '30, knowing that its hours are numbered, delays no longer, and plunges into its narrative.

"Marion Wiesner and Mary Wortman will their talent in 'fadeouts' to any 12B aspirants to the Class Play cast.

"Anita Paquin and Bob Pratt leave their quarrel-proof friendship to Mary Shaw and Galen Buckles (Steady, my friends, steady).

"Bill McMillen hereby bequeaths his ability to write familiar (and how!) essays to whoever has the necessary qualifications. For further information see Bill.

"Esther Oswald and Virgil Sprague will their dash to Miss Seigler so that she can get her session room to convocation before it's all over.

"Louise Renshaw, Ruth Moseley, and Isla Ward leave positions as winners in the standing broad bluff, the high and low gurgles, and the shout put, to Kathryn Jones, Barbara Watkins, and Barbara Pratt.

"Jean Robinson, salutatorian of this worthy class, wills her Vergil pony to Philip Kaufman, President of the Classical Club, with the hope that he may use it to advantage.

"Al Spencer bequeaths his way with women to Don Kizer, knowing it will not show under the latter's air of ultra sophistication."

The patient shows noticeable signs of fatigue. Dr. Livingston is quickly summoned to administer a hypodermic which he does very efficiently.

"Dorothy Thomson, Alice Jean Hogue, Betty Bertles, and Frances Fursey send, with love, their ability to stand together rather than hang divided, to Jean Malott, Vivienne Robinson, Harriet Hancox, and Clara Louise Merrill.

"Agnes Dahl and Cyril Geraghty leave their offices as Federation Presidents to any who feel they are able to hold such a position.

"To that prince of philanderers and sultan of sheiks, Neil Terry—Bob Blackwell and Ed Bowker bequeath their handsome locks. What more do you want, Neil?

"Iris Starlin, Mary Skene, Marguerite Myers and Katherine Evers will their places in the cafeteria slug line to Mr. Oke. (Four less places to watch, Mr. Oke.)

"Harvey Meyer, Franklin Curtis, Sidney Cooper, and Mildred Peterson leave their power to answer frosh questions such as, 'Where does a light go when it goes out?', 'Where does the lap go when one stands up?' etc., to Mr. Abraham Lincoln Parker.

"Ralph Buell and Eldon Magnuson will one can of paint to streak the town red, with the theme song 'A Hot Time In the Old Town,' to Kay Richardson and Vic Piollet.

"Merritt Winans leaves his title of Prelate of the Pun, the Piccolo, and the Papyrus Club, to any one who may aspire to fill such large shoes.

"The Bluff (with a capital 'B') of the Senior Class is left to Henry Dimeling. May he use it as well as other members of the family have done.

"George McCallum bequeaths his brogue and that drawl to Patrick McPherson. (Hoot, mon! Try and find him, begorra!)"

Then the patient gasps for breath and turns a tortured gaze toward the lawyer, who begs him to continue * * *.

"Charles Means leaves the job of editing this annual, (and what a job it is!) to anyone with the 'yen' for calling important meetings and taking pictures. Check and double check.

"Betty Hawley, Dorothy Wobbe, and Eileen Anderson leave their naturally curly locks to Kathryn Driscoll, Mary Ann Wheeler, and Miriam Warnick.

"Diana Malott and Harriett White will their ability as young authoresses to any two underclassmen who think they are half as good as Diana and Harriett think they are.

"Betty Mowery bequeaths the age old feminine wail of, 'Oh, I haven't anything to wear,' to Barbara Patton.

"The Tiger Staff leave their originality of thought in producing this masterpiece of literature to the entire 12B class. (To produce a Tiger as good as this one will need the entire class.)

"Last, but as the old saying goes, not least, Jean Logan and Rosemary Lovell make a request that anyone wishing to sling putrid fruit warn them first that they may be prepared with various and sundry wraps and coverings, etc., to ward off such attacks."

The patient's voice grows fainter and fainter until it can be heard no more. Then realizing that his duty is fulfilled and with the death rattle sounding in his throat, he expires, at peace (?) with the world.

—Rosemary Lovell,
—Jean Logan.

P. S.—The funeral will be held in the Armory on the evening of June 6, 1930.

CLASS PROPHECY

IT IS a bright sunshiny morning in April, 1950. The city of Spokane is a hive of activity. It has come to be one of the finest cities in the Northwest, from both the point of prosperity and of beauty.

This is a time of more than ordinary importance for the American people. The United States government is engaged in the colossal task which it performs every decade, taking the Census.

Let us fix our attention on a long, low, rakish looking automobile (made by Paquin and Pratt, automobile manufacturers) which moves along one of the streets of Spokane's residential districts. Its occupant is one Penfield Markham, who has been appointed supervisor of the Census for Eastern Washington by Senator Charles D. Means. He is doing some actual enumerating this morning in order to gain a knowledge of the conditions with which his employees will later be confronted. The car stops before a neatly built bungalow, designed by that famous architect, Percy Pharr. The driver steps out of the car, and mounts briskly to the doorstep of the house.

To the lady who answered his ring, he explained that he required some information for the 1950 census. The information was soon forthcoming, and it developed that the lady was the wife of one George McDowell, vice-president of the Crescent. It appeared that her maiden name was Eileen Anderson, that her age was thirty-eight, and that the family had three children. The only other occupants of the house were Mary Wortman, the cook, Weston, the chauffeur, and Geibel, the janitor.

The census taker thanked the lady for the information she had given, and walking rapidly out to his automobile, passed on to the next house, a handsomely built mansion of a type commonly built a decade or so in the past.

A resplendent house butler (the name Elbridge on his satin coat) answered his ring and showed him into a beautifully furnished salon, where he was left to twiddle his thumbs for half an hour. He was very much relieved to see the mistress, a charmingly gowned woman, sweep into the room.

"I am Mrs. Greenway," she said. "What can I do for you, my man?"

Penfield did not propose to be anybody's man except his wife's (Rosemary) and told the lady who he was, very courteously, of course. First, he asked the name of the head of the family.

Mr. John Greenway was the head man, a retired business man, who had made his fortune from the extraction of hair tonic from old razor blades and had kept it through the financial advice of the shark, Paul S.

Hoag. She confided that she was his wife, her maiden name being Jean Robinson; and her age, after some hesitation, was thirty-two. There were no children. When asked for the names and occupations of any other persons in the household, Mrs. Greenway called for her personal butler, Green, saying that she herself couldn't keep track of all the help.

"You will tell this gentleman what he requires," she ordered, as the lordly Green entered.

Mrs. Greenway left the room.

"Will you give me the names and occupations of each of the servants?"

"Certainly, sir."

"There is myself, Howard Green, the butler and general supervisor. Then comes Mrs. Sprague, the housekeeper. You remember hearing of the Virgil Sprague who died from the effects of a fight with "Lightning" Cy Geraghty, the champion? That was Mrs. Sprague's husband."

"Indeed. And would it be possible for me to find out Mrs. Sprague's maiden name and her age?"

"I think so. One moment please."

He left the room for a short time and returned with the desired information. The housekeeper's maiden name was Iris Starlin and she was thirty-nine." The butler continued with his list.

"There are two chauffeurs, Almond Bergin and Leonard Floan, the first and second footman, Robert Greisser and Carl Olson. There is Gardner Johnson, Mr. Greenways' valet and Frances Fursey, Mrs. Greenway's personal maid. Alice Jean Hogue and Betty Bertles, the two other maids, and Donald McKean, the gardener, make up the domestic force. Oh, yes, the fellow who opens the front door is Elbridge Bacon."

"Thank you, Mr. Green. That will be all then."

A long driveway led up to the next house, which was set back from the street, in a good grove of poplars. In a few seconds he was ringing the bell. This time it was answered by a tall clergyman dressed all in sober black except for a Roman collar.

"May I ask a few questions for the census?"

"Certainly, my friend, I am at your service."

"The head of the house, and your relation to him?"

"I am he, the Rev. Robert Blackwell."

"You are married?"

"Very much so."

"Your wife's maiden name, and her present age?"

"Marion Wiesner. She's thirty-seven."

"You have any children?"

"You hear that squalling? That's Robert Junior. Which reminds me that I have to get his bottle ready in fifteen minutes. Marion is still asleep and I hope Bobby doesn't wake her up. I'd get Hail Columbia.

The Bible says: 'Upon the children will the sins of their fathers be visited.' But with me, it's just the other way around.

"And how old is Bobby?"

"He's thirteen months. Thirteen was always my unlucky number. We've been married thirteen years, too." The clergyman heaved a sigh.

"Are there any other occupants of the house, Mr. Blackwell?"

"Well, in our part of it there's just the cook. His name is Rudolph Jandl. That's another of my wife's doings. She wouldn't have a female cook. But if you'll pardon the expression, I must say that Rudy knows his vegetables. A colleague of mine lives upstairs with his family. If you'd like to see him, I'll bring him down."

He left the room and soon returned bringing with him another minister, the newcomer carrying a husky baby under each arm. After carefully setting the babies down in a large armchair, he turned to meet the census taker. The Rev. Mr. Blackwell had in the meantime excused himself and gone to see to Bobby's bottle.

"Mr. Blackwell tells me you are taking the census."

"Yes, just a few things the government would like to know. First, your name?"

"I am the Rev. Theodore Weholt."

"May I ask your wife's maiden name, and her age?"

"Dorothy Fiala, she was, and she is thirty-eight."

"Are these the only children? (indicating the twins) I'd like names and ages?"

The Reverend Weholt stepped proudly over to his children. "This is the family," he announced, "meet Donald and Ronald Weholt, both aged eight months. This is Donny and this is Ronny." He hestitated. "Maybe this is Ronny and *this* is Donny. Wait a second and I'll tell you."

The fond father deftly opened his son's mouth and peered inside.

"This is Ronny," he proclaimed. "You see he has two teeth while Donny has only one."

"Are there any other occupants of your flat?"

"No, just the family and myself."

"Thank you then. I must be on my way."

At the curb of the next house where he stopped, a red-haired lady was having a heated argument with a taxi driver, apparently over the amount of fare to be paid for the ride.

"You can't cheat me like this," she shouted. "I haven't ridden in taxis for years for nothing."

"Well, it ain't because you haven't tried," said the taxi driver, a large man, who was placidly chewing gum.

"If I knew your name, you insolent lout, I'd report you to the company."

"My name is Gaines Sutherlin. I'll be pleased if you'll report me."

After hurling a few more choice epithets, the lady paid her fare and retired indignantly into the house.

"I won't be so well received, if she is still feeling that way," thought Penfield, as he rang the bell. His apprehensions were realized when the lady with the red hair utterly refused to give any information: "I didn't know the Scotch had red hair," he reflected as the lady thundered her intentions of seeing Chief of Police Ed Bowker and Mayor Dan Prosser about this outrage.

When it was finally impressed on her mind that the census was a concern of the national government; that he had full authority to ask for the required information; and that to refuse to answer was a misdemeanor punishable by fine, she grudgingly answered his questions.

The head of the family was William McMillen, a fight promoter, and she was his wife. Her maiden name was Cecile Buckner and her age was thirty-seven. There were no children and no servants who lived in the house.

The little engagement with Mrs. McMillen had sharpened Penfield's appetite; it was almost twelve o'clock anyhow. He decided to drive down to Davenport's for a little snack. We will leave him to enjoy his lunch, which he has duly earned.

—Charles Benson.

TO A NOSE

Ah, Nose, divine, exquisite, deigning to sniff this feeble air;
Why, I can discern but a single delicate freckle there.
Who could guess that this patrician Nose so white
Was tinged with pink from the cold last night?
Who would guess it has moods as its owner does?
Once I saw the dainty tip, tilted high because
I chanced to describe it as retrousse—
What scorn did that feature express for me!
Ah, irrepressive Nose, 'twas only for a while
'Til you tingled with delight and couldn't hide a smile.
Oh, let *poets* sing of their violets and sweet roses—
I'm content to sit here and
Rhapsodize on nobody knows whose Noses!

—Katherine Evers.

MRS. RILEY'S REVENGE

MRS. Jenks couldn't have picked a worse time to ring the Riley's doorbell. Mrs. Riley was very busy trampling upon the laws of our nation and preferred not to be interrupted, especially by a member of the W. C. T. U. Mrs. Riley was in the act of bottling some home brew. However, there was only one thing to do, and that was to be nonchalant, and that is just what she did.

"Come right in," said Mrs. Riley, "Excuse my apron but I've just been bottling some"—Mrs Riley winked roguishly—"some home brew. Pat couldn't get along without his little drink now and then. It wouldn't hurt nobody, and it's kind of nice to have around."

"Tsk, tsk, Bertha Riley, I thought you had better sense than that; all liquor is more or less poison. Why do you suppose the government would pass a law against it if it wasn't? I'm warning you, no good will come of having that stuff around the house."

"Ah, but try a little bit,—no, not so much. I can't stand much."

Mrs. Jenks tasted the beverage gingerly, then took a bigger swallow. "Hm-m, that isn't so bad. My, but you've got a lot haven't you!"

Mrs. Riley knew what Mrs. Jenks was hinting for, and so she saved her any further trouble, "Well, take home a couple of bottles if you like. We've got plenty here." She then placed a row of four bottles of clear, cherry wine in front of her guest, and, after some hestitation, Mrs. Jenks accepted it.

Mrs. Riley noticed that her caller was rather ill at ease, and she was neither surprised nor very sorry when, after about fifteen minutes of rather stilted conversation, Mrs. Jenks rose and made her departure. Mrs. Riley stood at the door watching her recent guest go across the street and enter her home, and then a worried frown overspread her sunny Irish features. "She can make an awful lot of trouble if she wants to, and she's just the kind that would. I think I'll just ask Mrs. Carter if she'll keep this wine for me for a couple of days. She'll understand how it is."

Mrs. Carter, the next door neighbor, did understand, and quite agreed that Mrs. Jenks might try to make trouble. So all the bottles were entrusted to Mrs. Carter, and Mrs. Riley went home very much relieved.

Bertha Riley knew what she was talking about when she said that Mrs. Jenks would make trouble for her. About the time she was beginning to prepare the evening meal, someone stomped up to the front door and rang the bell; and when the mistress appeared at the door, the visitor made it known that he was a prohibition officer and that there had been a complaint about her keeping liquor on the premises. With

a meekness that was anything but genuine, Mrs. Riley replied, "Why!—Why! There must be some mistake. We haven't a thing of that sort anywhere around, and you're perfectly welcome to search the house." The officer seemed rather uncertain. "Come on in. You're not going away from here until I've proved that we're a temperate family. I'm not going to have any scandal started about us." The dry agent could not very well refuse a request like that, and so he began to search the house with Mrs. Riley suggesting all the possible places where liquor might be kept.

But nothing was to be found. The officer searched vainly for half an hour, more because he was forced to than because he expected to find anything; Mrs. Riley was so anxious to have him search the home, she couldn't possibly be concealing anything.

Suddenly, something happened within the brain of the lady of the house. She glanced vindictively in the direction of Mrs. Jenks' house and then said, "While you're here, I think it is my duty to report a Mrs. Jenks who lives across the street. It's very well known that she makes it a practice of keeping wine in her basement and you had better investigate."

—Raymond Weston.

A PIRATE BOLD

Squint-eyed Percy, you should know,
Was the son of Captain Pinkbeard,
And of all the ships he took in tow,
The Tarantula was most feared.

In that wicked boat he sailed
The seven seas for years;
His gory way he hacked and flailed
Through floods of victims' tears.

His very name brought fear
To the people in the ports,
And those who thought their lives were dear
Appealed to all the courts.

The stories of his crimes so black
Would make the bravest shiver;
But now, alas, and, too, alack,
Reformed, he drives a flivver.

—Jean Holton Robinson

STUDY IN COLOR

THERE is a certain acknowledged law among educators and instructors that children are sent to school so that their minds may be developed theoretically. Not to all persons perhaps is the relation of color to learning obvious at first nor apparent after explanation.

Just as scientists are given over to the belief that persons upon hearing certain words or sounds, unconsciously think of respective colors, I believe that my dislike of most important courses has arisen through an association with unpleasant colors or impressions.

For instance, mathematics has always loomed supremely terrifying to me. From the days of simplest arithmetic, to the highest form I have yet taken, the moment I entered the room I was enveloped by a dark brown haze. Mind you, not that rich golden color so celebrated but a drab adhesive quagmire. To me, one who has labored through its depths, however gracefully, never appears normal again. On rare occasions I have felt a desire to attempt crossing this quagmire. Lured on by the first promising step, I have ventured out and been seized by its treacherous sands. While I floundered about feeling myself drawn further down at every move, I called loudly for help. Help I obtained, but always too late. Vestiges of mathematics, like the brown mud it resembles will cling to me for many a year.

To my mind English brings the grey of stone walls whose uncompromising effect is softened slightly by the essays and compositions that disguise its Puritanical sternness with the kindly intent of vines.

Then of course there are the sciences. All sciences thus far encountered I have labelled green—a peculiar deep shade like the sea and equally impressive. They are powerful too—currents that sweep one afar, but always in that green half life symbolic of the deep and unholy dominions.

Next in my association of color comes History. To many people History is something old and dead that is dug out of musty books and tombs. To me History is a radiant living past like the glory of the setting sun and therefore yellow. No laborious struggle there, only a pleasant diversion furnished by the black and white of the dates to be remembered.

Of languages although they rightfully belong next, I have little to say. There is such a variety of them and each is so different from the other that they might represent almost anything. However, Latin has always appeared white, dead and unvariable, reminiscent of the marble buildings that composed the Roman Forum. French, if tangible at all,

is the counterpart of mercury; facile and glowing, its variable forms seem to elude one. Royal purple of slow and langorous movements remind me of the Spanish language. And, for some absurd reason I cannot place, German is black to me—a heavy impenetrable black like a velvet curtain.

Anything classed as a commercial subject stands out sharply black and white, the symbol of modern life. It lacks the softness and vibration of color but imposes itself upon the mind in its decisiveness.

I am not certain whether Art belongs under this classification or not, but to me it does more than any, because as far as colors are concerned it encompasses all of them and more. At first mention of Art one pictures a rose haze but later finds that rose was only the beginning of all the rainbow and prism hues. Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet, they pass before the mind's eye in a confusion of loveliness and splendor. Then the illusion fades and they are gone.

School subjects in all their drab reality appear once more—study seems unbearable, but:

"When Duty whispers low thou must
The youth replies I can."

—Doris Hubble.

ABANDONED ORCHARD

Oh, little orchard gay and white
    Against a barren hill,
I marvel that each Easter season
    Finds you flowering still.

What faith can keep you living now
    That all things here are dead,
The grass choked road, the sunken shack
    Whence all bright dreams have fled?

I do not know, but I am glad
    I chanced upon your brave display
For I found, too, an Easter thought
    When I passed by today.

—Edith McAllister.

THE GRAMMARIAN PROPOSES

OR, TALES MY GRAMMAR TOLD ME

(Written in the style of the Century Handbook)

Without your love, O fairest one,
(Do hear me, for I will be heard)
My name in future centuries
Shall merely be a Misplaced Word.

Give me consideration, love,
Although my Reference is Weak.
Unloved and lonely, I'm a Dangling
Participle, so to speak.

This life I know will be forever
(Forgive the Squinting Modifier)
Of Incomplete and Split Construction
Without the one whom I desire.

If in the heat of passion, love,
I might, by chance, have Wrongly Used
Some Fragments as a Sentence, then
I trust that fault will be excused.

My mind's a General Incoherence.
But in my ardor I have sought
To shun this sin: Excessive Detail,
And, also, Undeveloped Thought.

I call you "love" quite frequently—
That's Emphasis By Repetition.
But Sequence that is Logical
Demands that I employ Transition.

Just as two Choppy Sentences,
My love, why can't we be Combined?
Then my Subordination, dear,
Will ne'er be Thwarted, you will find.

We never shall be Broken Up
As is the Stringy Sentence, dear.
(It will not do for Necessary
Words to be Omitted here.)

I cannot summarize my speech,
For fears beset me, doubts assail.
It seems that when the Climax comes,
My grammar is of no avail.

Well, anyways, let's us get married.
I think it would be kind of nice.
(On second thought I might have made
Some reference to the Comma Splice.)

—*Merritt Winans.*

PIES

TWO great American institutions which have come out of New England are liberty and pie. Pies are "one hundred per cent American" in every sense of "Big Bill" Thompson's definition of that phrase. Since the birth of this country, our minds have thrived on liberty and our bodies have been nourished on pie. In my own opinion pie cannot be eulogized too highly. It has a place in history which has been all important to mankind. Before further discussion we should come to an understanding as to what the meaning of pie embodies. Pie, to me, means a delicious, rich, flaky, pastry shell filled with a fruit center. The whole pie should be made and baked in a family kitchen, not baked in a pie factory.

Pie, no doubt, originated when the colonists had hard times. The pewter pots and pans had been melted to make bullets. A few shallow iron pans remained in the kitchen shelves. There were a few swine left in the hog lots. The apples hung on the trees ready to be plucked. Samuel Adams and the other Revolutionists had to eat, so the industrious mothers of the American Revolution decided that flour, lard, and apples, cooked in a shallow pan, would feed their leaders. It not only gave them the required nourishment, but it also gave them courage to brave the enemy's almost overwhelming odds. It is said that Washington demanded pie once a day for his men. Some historians say that parsnips won the battles for Alexander the Great, and Xerxes, but pie won for Washington. The great American mystery is how the product came to be called "pie."

The women all wanted to have great sons, both physically and politically, so the art of pie-making spread as the country grew. It was soon found out that mince pie tasted very fine and that any member of the berry family made an excellent palate teaser. One day by some mishap lemon juice was spilled into a pie. The lemon juice gave the pie such a spicy, pleasing flavor that the taverns and inns began to advertise lemon pie from Moon-Kist Lemons. The varieties spread as ships brought lemons, bananas, and pineapples. Why! Believe it or not, there are twenty-five kinds of lemon pie alone!

The passing of time has proved the pie. All the great men of the country have been enthusiasts for pie. Edward Bok tells us that Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet, loved pie so well that he insisted on having it for breakfast as well as for the other meals. Mr. Bok says that Holmes was quite insistent upon having his guests eat pie with him for breakfast. Look what a family the Holmes have been. At

present we have a Holmes in the Supreme Court. When pie has done so much for the country, can anyone deny pie a place in the American Hall of Culinary Art?

When I was a great deal younger, I received a very sound education as a pie connoisseur. As I first remember pie, it was an article given to the older folks. My mother said it was too difficult for me to digest. I attribute the difference between my height and six feet to the fact that I was denied pie in my highchair days.

My mother has always been a past master at the art of pie-making. My father could see no reason why I should not be allowed to enjoy this delicious food. As a result of his argumentation I started my career as a pie-eater at a very early date. I tried many times to make up my lost growth but have always been unsuccessful. When my mother read to me about Juno, Jupiter, and Mercury sipping their nectar and eating ambrosia in the Home of the Gods, I sometimes wondered if these foods were a higher order of pie. Did the Gods realize what they were missing?

Today the cry of the American man is pie and coffee. Good coffee and good pie are the key to success in the cafe business. This is shown by the few pie-serving cafes in Europe. The American tourists flock to these pie-serving oasis in that desert of omelets, cooked snails, and blanc mange.

Some people talk of their Angel food and Devil's food cakes. Some people talk of their cookies and puddings, but give me a piece of flakey crusted apple pie and please don't put any whipped cream or ice cream on it.

—George McCallum.

BROKEN FAITH

The friendship that I gave you was a pretty thing,
Like clear glass thinly blown it caught
The shining colors of my love for you,
Who did not know how rarely it was wrought.

A fragile thing it was to hold so carelessly,
You shattered it and lost the lovely lights.
Perhaps you did not care; I have it, broken, yet,
And weep for its dead sake sometimes through
lonely nights.

—Edith McAllister.

ILLUSION

A shy and diffident dawning
Touches with hesitant fingers
Towering walls of great Carthage;
Touches and lingers.

A madcap, rollicking Zephyr
Murmurs through rustling grasses
In the garden of Tyrian Dido;
Murmurs and passes.

HEBE

I sleep; through the mists of my dreaming
Sounds the tinkle of bells in the grasses,
A faint, singing echo of laughter,
As Hebe, the cupbearer, passes.

I wake to a world all too real,
A place prosaic and gray;
The bells and the laughter are silent,
For Hebe has stolen away.

—Jean Holton Robinson.

DISILLUSIONMENT

My poems are like wet stones.
I gather them gleaming and fresh
    From the sea of my fancy,
Thinking them jewels,
Only to find that, after all,
    They are as worthless and dull
As ordinary stones.

—Edith McAllister.

THE ART OF SHORT STORY WRITING

THE art of writing a short story is a very simple process as described by experts. One grasps pencil and paper firmly. One sits down with determination. One incubates a thought, decorates it with little what-nots, and achieves literary fame.

This seems absurdly easy, and it would be—if it ever happened. The real formula is quite different. I tried the recipe put forth by experts and discovered that I had been foully deceived. Here are the true facts set down for the enlightenment of a bemused populace.

In the first place there is the little matter of pencil and paper. By no chance is there ever any available paper. Pencils are broken, dull, or non-existent. Such matters must not be permitted to bother one: these obstacles are only of minor importance. At last, armed with your mother's best stationery and a pencil of doubtful character, you perceive that the zero hour for thinking has arrived.

Thought appears to be a complicated affair. One thinks, it is true, but upon the most peculiar subjects, none of which bear any relation to the matter in hand. Stare into space under the mistaken impression that you are concentrating upon a plot. Wake suddenly to discover yourself grinning fatuously at an incident that occurred three weeks ago. Find that you have constructed a tasteful array of small boats from the family's crested note-paper. Pass this over as a minor mishap.

With the desperate feeling that no intellect can withstand the pangs of hunger, repair to the ice-box for nourishment. Having consumed a little of this and that, return to your labors bearing a plate plentifully garnished with apples and the pie which was being saved for tomorrow's luncheon.

After half an hour spent in the most protracted meditations, get some fresh writing material. Your original paper will by this time have deteriorated to complete unrecognizability. You will either have sketched dissipated fish and giddy gargoyles, or the dessicated remains will clutter the immediate vicinity.

If you miss your pencil, call a doctor!

If, however, half of it still remains, pick the splinters out of your tongue and continue thinking. It would be inadvisable at this point to commit any of your thoughts to writing. An apple should prove a soothing influence.

Next you will stride feverishly about the room, dash off a little piece on the piano, consume more sustenance, and gaze out the window. Do not hesitate to demand aid frequently from all and sundry. When

one of your victims chooses to brush you carelessly across the brow with some bric-a-brac, don't be surprised. Be nonchalant! Light on your feet!

Ahoy! A thought appears. Scribble it down madly. Read it only to discover that it is apparently plotless, that the characters are insipid, and that the style is atrocious. Even as your own child you cannot bestow approval upon this deformed darling.

As a last resort, do what you fully intended to do in the beginning. Steal a plot from Shakespeare. Take your heroine from "Elsie Dinsmore" and your hero from "Don Juan." Consume three pages in detailed description of the hero's profile and legs a la John Barrymore; ditto, three pages of heroine judiciously combining "Elsie" with Clara Bow. Add a Canadian mounted policeman and an Englishman with a monocle as local color. To complicate the plot, put in three Arizona rattlesnakes.

For a smashing denouement, see that the villain meets his Waterloo in a blizzard in front of an Alaskan dance hall.

Turn the finished product over to a slightly soured English professor who has heard all this before. To the echo of soft music, fold up your tents like the Arabs and silently steal away.

—Jean Holton Robinson.

STARDUST

Tall pines waving in the wind;
Moonbeams filtering faintly
Through banks of clouds.
A few twinkling stars dusted
Over a dark sky—
Memories—sweet and bitter—
Of days gone by;
Of long tramps through fir clad forests.
Glamorous tales of highway love
Under the starlight.
Longing—for things inexpressible
For white swan feathers
To weave mystic spells—
Dreams—of fabulous wealth,
Of gossamer air castles
In the purple sky.
Stardust—

—Rosemary Lovell.

HOW YOU DO GROW!

"CURIOUSER and curiouser," cried Alice, "Now I'm opening out like the largest telescope that ever was! Goodbye feet!"—*Alice in Wonderland.*

My own ascent, while not so startling as that of the adventurous Alice, has been just as relentless. In fact, the greatest disparity in our cases lies in the fact that while Alice was in Wonderland where the remarkable was the order, I am doomed to a prosaic world tyrannized by the word "average." I can not remember any heavenly period when I was not too tall. It is a family tradition and a joke that I refused vociferously an ample and entirely desirable bassinet when I was very young. Once my younger brother suggested that it was probably too short for me, and the bond has not been so close between us since. I do not remember that, but not many years later one of the most poignant experiences of my life occurred to leave its blight on my trustful sense of the rightness of things. There was to be a May day celebration in which the little folks as fairies and elves were to have a considerable part. Eagerly restless, we of the first grade had gone about in bright-eyed anticipation for days. Finally the great day arrived when the teacher made her announcements. Pupil after pupil was called to her desk to receive instructions until there were only four or five of us left. And what an incongruous lot we were! What I lacked in curves "Tubby" Williams generously made up. There was a homely, cross-eyed boy, and a lanky little Norwegian girl who could scarcely speak English. The teacher's expression became discouraged as she looked us over. Suddenly she brightened.

"I know," she said gayly, "the rest of you may help sell tickets!"

Since I have grown older, I have endeavored to look upon my superflous inches with a greater degree of—well, let's call it Pollyannaism.

"A tall, queenly girl is always more imposing than her shorter sister," you argue with yourself, "I wouldn't be one of these craning, breathless dwarfs who are always being pushed aside if I could."

"Yes, you would, yes, you would," the demon within you shouts gleefully. "You'd just love to buy size fourteen dresses in the Junior department and be bossed around solicitously by boys who are scared to death of you now. You know perfectly well you'd like to wear spike heels and act kittenish. Don't try to make yourself think you refrain from sheer virtue! And as for that queenly stuff, don't take it too seriously. It requires so much responsibility."

Of course most of this discussion will pass "over the head" of the small or average person. We are not of the same tribe, nor do we speak the same language. Only the overgrown person can properly sympa-

thize. I remember being severely reproved once for smiling at a gigantic youth over the heads of a crowd. But my anxious parent need not have been concerned. I was not flirting. It was the level at which our eyes met that amused us, and we didn't smile, we grinned.

It would take ages to enumerate the fixtures and articles of furniture which were never designed for the man (or woman!) whose head rears into the great open spaces. But sometime I am going to found a colony where bathroom mirrors reflect an area more inclusive than from chin to belt buckle, and where sinks don't have to be knelt to. And when the list of truly blessed is finally read, lo!—my name will lead the rest.

—Edith W. McAllister.

ARMAGEDDON

Armageddon!
Each step we take,
Each foe we make,
Each lie we fake,
And each mistake
Brings near our wake
Armageddon.

Armageddon?
The judgment day,
When He shall say,
"You here?—Away—"
To those that pray
Not, they repay
In Armageddon.

Armageddon—
Shall you be there,
And shall you bear
The grace? Or hear
That clarion clear
"Away!" And fall to fear
Armageddon?

Armageddon.
Those who are true
Shall gain their due—
Eternal peace with you.
Oh Lord, Thou knew
Their future, too,
Before Armageddon.

—Rosemary Lovell.

BELINDA AND I

BELINDA—the result of long cherished hopes, fervent desires, and a great deal of careful exploration along unfrequented water fronts—at last Belinda was ours.

As I sit on the porch of the lodge and look down into the bay, I can see, riding the water with buoyant ease, our little white boat with its shiny automobile top. She shines as the result of long, weary hours which my brother and I spent standing in precarious positions on the sides of the boatslip, paint brush in hand.

As my eye follows the shore line around to the point, twelve miles of sparkling blue water stretch away to the Blue Grouse range. A group of three islands with their tall pines silhouetted against the horizon, look like long, majestic battleships anchored a mile off shore. To the west a smudge of smoke marks the town of Sandpoint, along whose waterfront we found Belinda. Turning south once more, I travel in imagination along the southern shore near Lakeview, where the cliffs rise almost perpendicular from the water's edge. Following back along the eastern side, I come again to the Blue Grouse range and the mouth of the Clark's Fork River. From there I drift around the point and into the bay, where Belinda still bobs up and down in the boat house slip. Truly Pend d'Oreille is a wonderful lake!

The name Belinda has a history all of its own. Belinda is by all rights Belinda the second. Her predecessor was a small raft made from driftwood found on the beach and old railroad ties picked up along the Northern Pacific's right of way. This amateur creation was our first attempt at water transportation. It was named Belinda solely because the family liked the name, and not for any qualities of speed or beauty which she possessed. Therefore, when we purchased a motor boat, we christened it Belinda.

Sometimes I think Belinda was made for a whaling crew. She has everything at which the modern maiden shudders. She is short, broad, very heavy, and has a very wide and snubby stern.

Like all of the feminine gender, Belinda has a mind all her own. She is the greatest joy maker or breaker of anything lacking personality that I know. Indeed, sometimes I am sure she has a very strong personality of which stubbornness is a leading trait. This characteristic appears on our fishing trips. The moment we slow down to troll, Belinda suddenly makes up her mind to thwart our nicely laid plans. This she accomplishes very effectually by missing frequently and then firing four or five times very rapidly in order to catch up for the ones missed. She

jumps from one mile per hour to five and then back again. This, as every fisherman knows, is an ideal trolling state.

Sometimes, by offering sacrifices to the Gods on the Scotchman, our Mount Olympus, we succeed in quieting Belinda's nervousness. Otherwise, we land and wait for her to cool off. In time of danger though, if we are running in a high sea close to rocks, Belinda is always steady and with her powerful "chug-chug" carries us away from disaster to safety.

After one of these experiences, when we are again home, I am ready to forgive her for all of her faults. Though she be old, temperamental, and out of style, I still cherish her. When we float gently into dock some summer evening with the moon shedding her silver rays over the water, I seem to forget Belinda's idiosyncrasies and instead remember only all the pleasant water ways we have travelled together.

—Donald McKean.

TRIBUTE

I pay humble tribute to Him
Who has been true to me
And hope that in some fairer dawn
I may return that loyalty.

—Rosemary Lovell.

MITZI

MITZI was a door step baby. She made her first appearance in our home when she was very young. Her mother, evidently a wayward person, left Mitzi without a note or any means of identification. My father didn't want to keep her, but Mitzi sensed his objection and spoke for herself. She was, even at her young age, tactful and wise, and won Dad's heart with her strangely sweet voice and her lovable, baby ways. Mitzi was just what her name would lead one to believe her: a coy, wicked enchantress. She would cuddle close to anyone near; demand all his attention; and yawn delightfully when she was warm, well-fed, and comfortable. She would be supremely happy when she could command an audience to watch her perform, and would stop at nothing in order to please the onlookers. Her talent was unlimited and her ability to do gymnastics was amazing.

However, within a very short time, Mitzi became a young lady, and keeping her at home evenings became a problem. Her boy friends were innumerable, and we often had the pleasure—or misery—of listening to many serenaders, who sought Mitzi's favor. Those who could not sing or otherwise entertain Mitzi, had to bring gifts to her; and offerings were soon filling the house and yard. But those who could neither entertain nor bring gifts were ignored. Nice boys they were too, but Mitzi had been pampered and petted too much; and sad to say, Mitzi was a gold digger. It was very evident that she was following in the footsteps of her wandering mother, but no one was able to change the course of events.

Things were coming to a climax. An accounting was inevitable. Hearts were broken in quick succession. Home ties were severed and lives were taken. Mitzi, the enchantress, was leading a gay and hectic life. Then, suddenly, Mitzi disappeared. Home was not the same after that. All the young men were dejected and wore the saddest and most forlorn expressions possible, but not one knew what had become of Mitzi. Each day we scanned every paper to see if anyone had found our Mitzi, but no one every reported having seen her.

Then one morning, exactly a year after we first saw Mitzi, we found much to our surprise and joy, another cat on our doorstep. Small, tactful, and wise, she won Dad's heart with her strangely sweet voice and her lovable, baby ways. She looked just like Mitzi had and she was, unmistakably, Mitzi's own daughter. Mitzi was too proud to come herself, but she thought evidently, that her daughter should have the best, and sent her where she knew people who had loved and cared for Mitzi would also care for her offspring.

Though I have never again seen Mitzi, I feel sometimes that she watches us and her daughter—yearning, undoubtedly, for the home of her childhood and its pleasant moments. And I believe, that some day, when she realizes that too much pride is a foolish waste of time, Mitzi will return to those who love her still and ask nothing of her, but that she should remain with them and be happy.

—Margaret Nydell.

LIFE

A full blown rose,—
Red and blushing,
Nodding in the wind,
Nodding and enjoying life.

Joyous souls—
Laughing and dancing,
Gay and carefree,
Laughing at life.

Withered petals
Brown, wrinkled, lifeless.
Falling to the ground
Dead to the world.

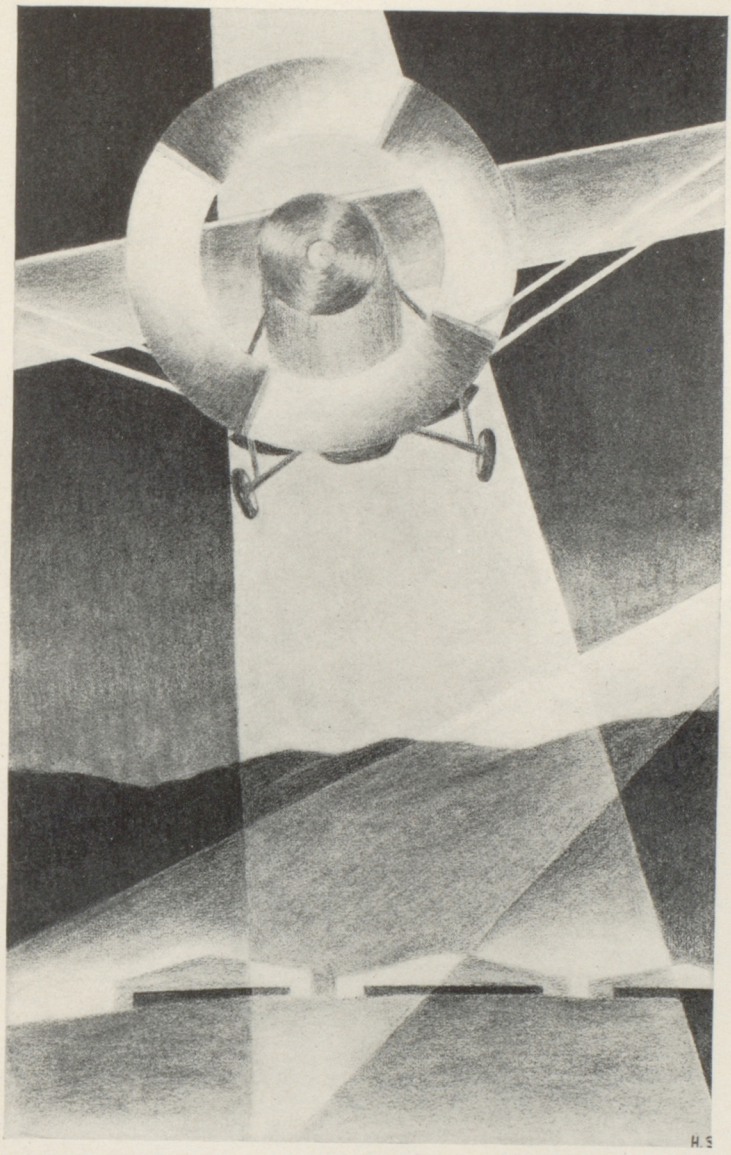
Nerve wracked souls—
Crying out in agony
Shuddering and shivering
Lost—lost to life.

—Rosemary Lovell.

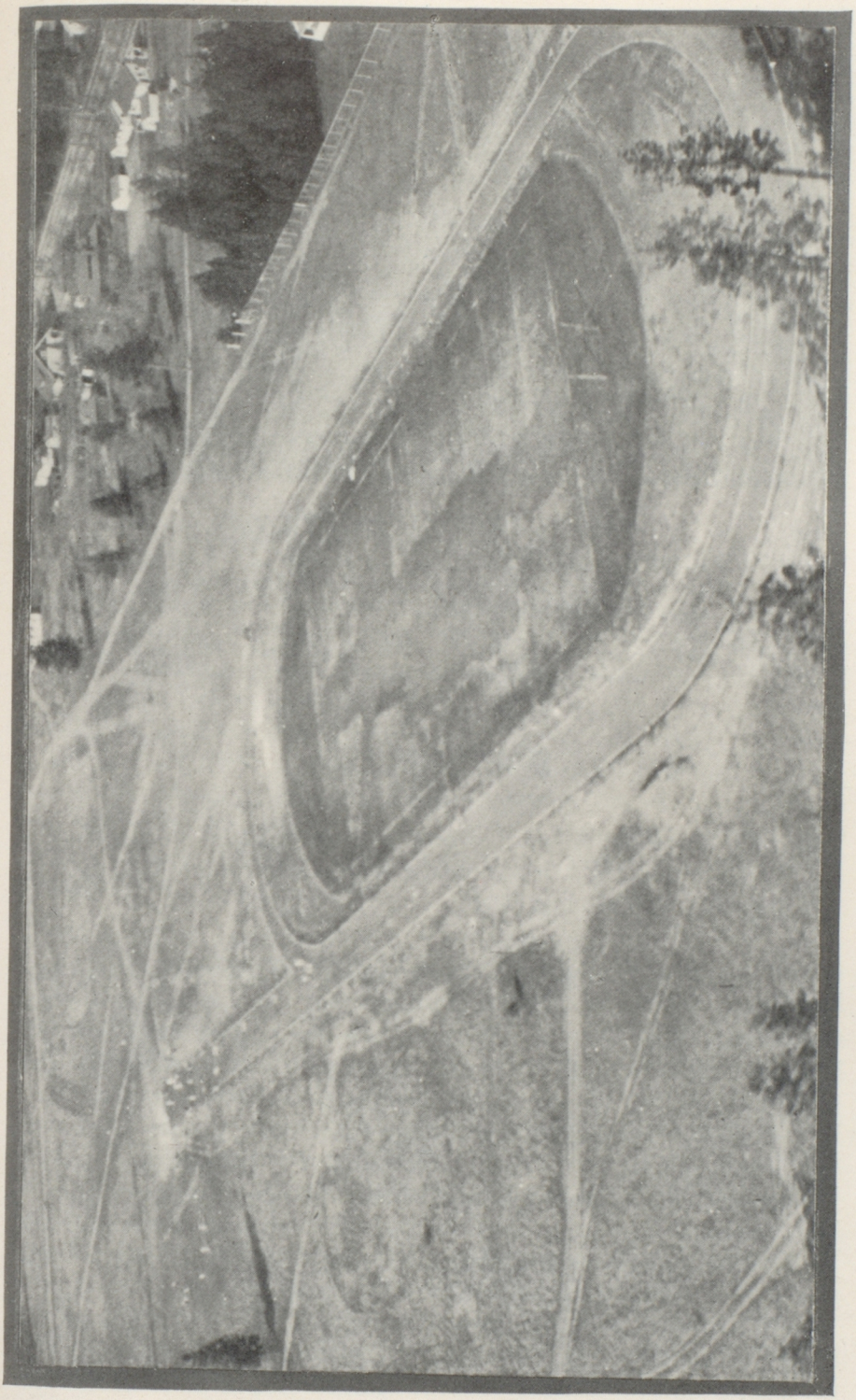
THE RAPID DEVELOPMENT OF AVIATION IN SPOKANE DURING THE PAST THREE YEARS CAN BE ATTRIBUTED IN A LARGE MEASURE, TO THE AIRMINDEDNESS AND ENTHUSIASM OF THE HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE STUDENTS.

THE FUTURE OF BOTH MILITARY AND COMMERCIAL AVIATION IS DEPENDENT UPON THE PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF THIS WIDE SPREAD INTEREST IN AVIATION AMONG THE YOUNGER GENERATION.

C. V. HAYNES
Major, 116th Obsn. Sq.,
Commanding 41st Div. Aviation.



ATHLETICS





GIRLS' SWIMMING TEAM

Front Row—Phyllis Kusterer, Elsa Herbst, Dorothy Williams, Mabel Kusterer, May Lou Petty, Barbara Watkins, Rosemary Lovell, Marie Lundquist, Lee Nicholson, Penelope King, Margaret Prosser.

Back Row—Dorothy Baker, Harriet Hancox, Emily McCall, Ruth Allen, Preston Forcum, Dorothy Thrown, Elizabeth Buckholz, Marguerite McCarthy, Isla Ward, Helen Duell, Lois Diedrich.

SWIMMING

THE Lewis and Clark swimming team defeated North Central decisively in the first half of the annual contest on April twenty-third by a score of 49 to 28.

Mary Lou Petty was the star of the meet. Although she is only in her first year she broke two of Coral Moran's records which have been regarded as almost impossible to be bettered. She lowered the 220-yard crawl 7 seconds to 2 minutes and 59½ seconds, and bettered the 100-yard back record to 1 minute and 25 seconds. She also placed first in the diving. Although this is the first time that Mary Lou has ever swum in a school meet she has made a name for herself in previous city contests under Miss Mahoney's instruction.

The second high point girl was Penelope King, another Freshman. She tied for first place in the fifty-yard crawl with Anna Engdahl of North Central, won the 100-yard crawl, and placed second in the backstroke races and gained a total of 12 points.

Harriet Hancox took first place in plunging. Dorothy Williams, the captain of the team, received second place in diving and third place in the 220-yard crawl. Dorothy Therow gained second place in the 100-yard crawl and third place in the 50-yard dash.

Letters will be awarded to Rosemary Lovell for her second place in the 100-yard breast stroke and to Gail Loveless who placed second in the side stroke and third in the plunging.

The meet was one of the most thrilling that ever has been held. The crowd was on its feet most of the time as many of the races were in doubt until the last stroke. The faithful and inspirational work of the coach, Miss Baltezore, was responsible in a large part for the team's victory.

When this Tiger went to press the second half of the meet had not been held, but the great number of letter girls and experienced swimmers makes the result seem most encouraging. Phyllis Kusterer, Ruth Allen, Lois Diedrich, Helen Duell, Isla Ward and Barbara Watkins, manager, are letter winners who will compete in this meet. Other swimmers in this meet will be Elsa Herbst, Preston Forcum, Mary K. Randall, and Mable Kusterer.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

THE Basketball teams this year were exceptionally fine. The 11A's won the final contest with the 11B's. The members of the winning team are Marguerite Adams, Marie Van De Vanter, Hilda Boutwell, Helen Wilson, Ruth Pharr. The 10A team consisted of Mable Jensen, Dorothy Graham, Maxine Frazey, Josephine Allen, Ruth Meeks, Wardine Yadson. The 11A's had such a large turn out that it was necessary to form two teams. The other team which was one of the best teams turning out this year consisted of Lucille Dixson, Dorothy Gilkey, Eugenie Johnson, Dorothy Baker, Inez Buell, and Eleanor Lundin.

GIRLS' SPRING TENNIS

THERE are two tennis classes which are practicing twice a week in the hope of giving North Central as decisive a defeat as they did last fall. The members of the tennis team will be chosen from both the beginners and advanced classes.

Miss Velikanje has two assistants who aid her in the coaching of the girls. They are two seniors, Ruth Mosely and Louise Renshaw. The members of the advanced class who have competed in previous meets are: Marguerite Adams, Helen Blake, Constance Hamblen, Dorothy Oke, Capitola Powell, Ruth Salisbury, Jean Wilson, Ethel Palm, Larhea Gooding. Others in the class who have gone out for two years are: Virginia Brynildson, Helen Breen, Margaret Cardiff, Amanda Draper, Elizabeth Helsettle, Ari Numati, Mary O'Rourke, Evelyn Sanderson, Emma Saxon, Sophie Vickerson, and Elizabeth Shoudy.

BASKETBALL

HAVING won eight games out of fourteen played, the *Lewis and Clark* basketball team ended a successful season for this year.

Of the six games lost three were won by *North Central,* one by *Walla Walla,* and two by the *Idaho* freshman team.

The Tigers scored 409 points and allowed their opponents 238 in their various games. *Lewis and Clark* won two games from both *Gonzaga* and *Hillyard,* and one each from *Chewelah, Moscow, Walla Walla,* and *Waitsburg.*

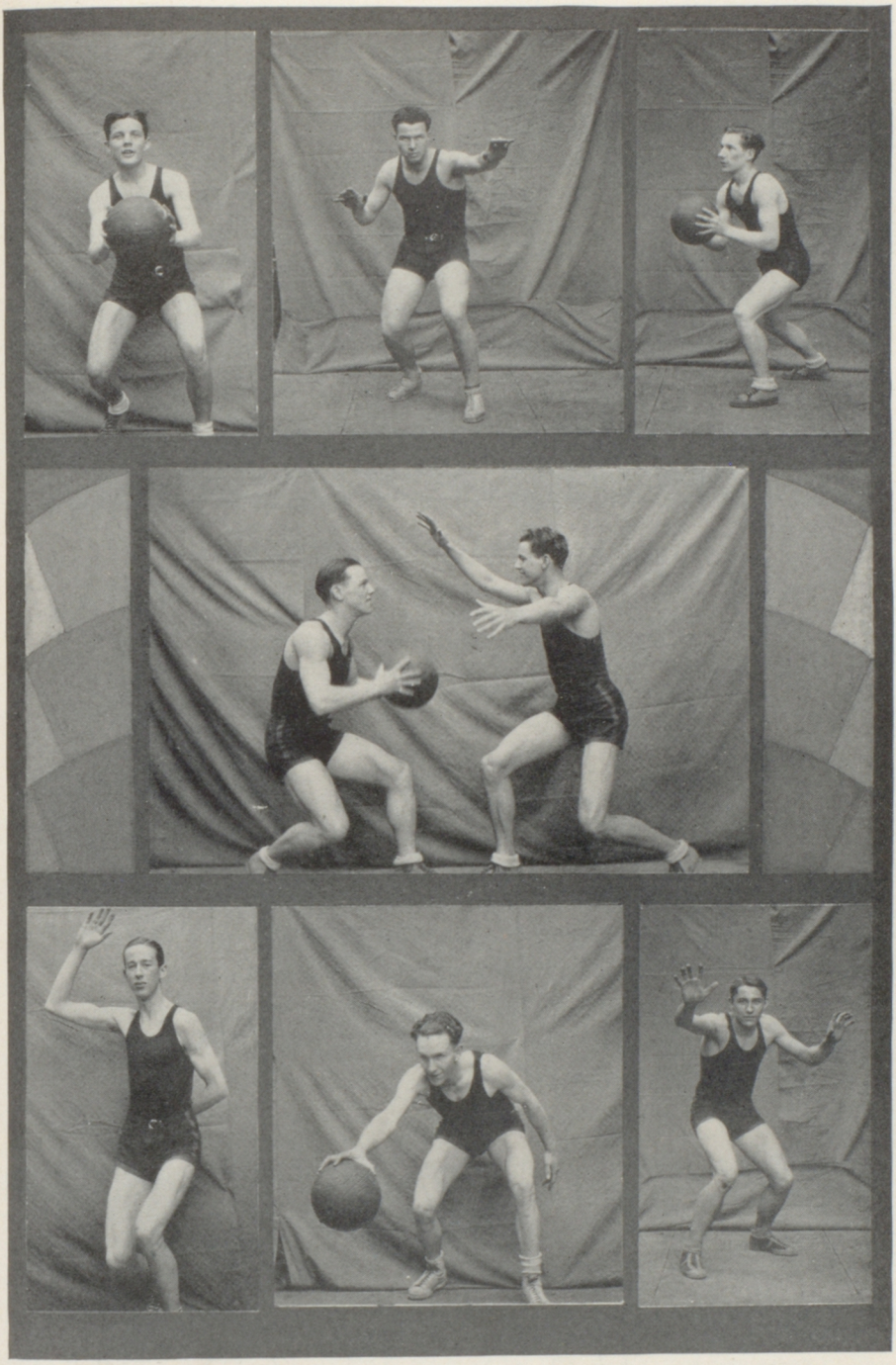
"Cy" Geraghty, who came second in scoring honors in the city, was the most outstanding man on the squad. According to "Squinty" Hunter, he is the most improved player in the city this year.

"Ed" Bowker, four-letter man, deserves credit for his floorwork. As center, he is second only to Roland Johnson, the *North Central* star.

To "Ike" Peterson is due much credit for his floorwork and basket tossing ability as also to Otto Dahl for his defensive work, "Wally" Geraghty for his shooting, and Harold Hawley for both his offense and defense work.

E. L. Hunter, coach, does not seem to be looking through rose-colored glasses as he reviews *Lewis and Clark's* prospects for a championship team next year. All the lettermen are graduating or are affected by the eight semester rule except Otto Dahl and "Wally" Geraghty.

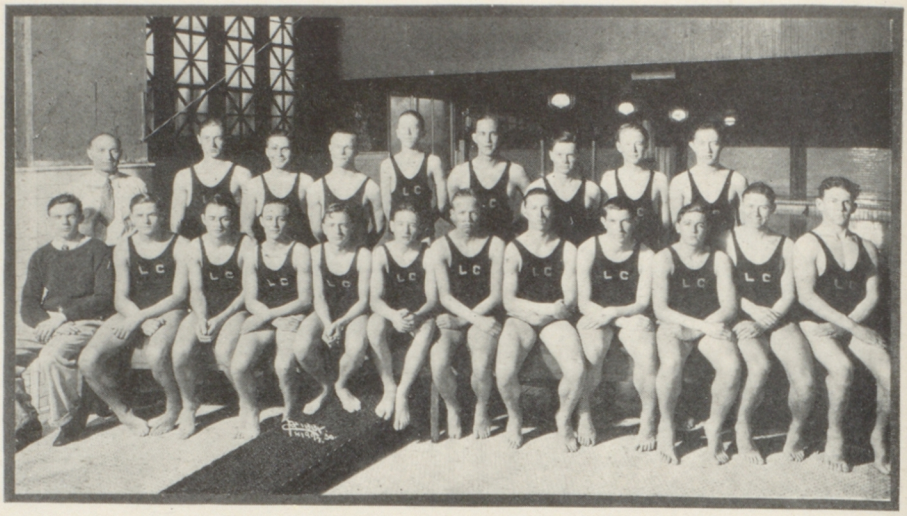
This year's lettermen include: Wallace Geraghty, Edwin Bowker, Cyril Geraghty, Kenneth Peterson, Otto Dahl, Harold Garrish, Clyde Tedlie, Harold Hawley.



Wallace Geraghty Edwin Bowker Cyril Geraghty

Kenneth Peterson Otto Dahl

Harold Garrish Clyde Tedlie Harold Hawley



BOYS' SWIMMING TEAM

Front Row—John Davis (Mgr.), Bob Phillips, Ray Ebersole, Milton Guptill, Bob Renz, Ed Chilton, Walter Ehtee, Howard Horr, Leslie Payne, Bob Williams, Eugene Kane, Earl Peterson.

Back Row—Coach Hupperten, Tom Quinn, Jack Mott, Jack Violette, Jack Hughes, Jack Lambert, Howard Allison, Dick Boyd, Hubert Mahon.

SWIMMING

THREE city records were broken by the *Lewis and Clark* swimming team in its meet with *North Central* Friday, March 28, in which the Tiger mermen won by the score of 38 to 21.

Perhaps the two most exciting events of the meet were the back stroke and the relay in which Jack Mott and Jack Lambert won by inches over their opponents.

Summary

40-yard dash—Violette (L. C.), first; Lambert (L. C.), second; Shaw (N. C.), third. Time: 20.2 (new record). 220-yard dash—Mott (L. C.), first; Paine (L. C.), second; Dralle (N. C.), third. Time: 2:43.8. Dives—Shaw (N. C.), 92.6, first; Gray (N. C.), 86.5, second; Grandetta (L. C.), 66.8, third. 100-yard free style—Violette (L. C.), first; Lambert (L. C.), second; Thyrian (N. C.), third. Time: 1:01.5. 100-yard breast stroke—Shea (N. C.), first; Mahon (L. C.), second; Smith (N. C.), third. Time: 1:25. 100-yard back stroke—Mott (L. C.), first; Hauter (N. C.), second; Gray (N. C.), third. Time: 1:15.2 (new record). Relay—Won by L. C. (Mott, Williams, Violette, Lambert). Time: 1:25.6 (new record).



TENNIS TEAM

Front Row—Charles Means, Leigh Van Brunt, Earl Turner, Henry Dimeling, Walter Geist.

Back Row—Mr. Livingston, Richard McIntosh, Elliot Rigsby, Lawrence McDonell, Rudolph Jandl.

TENNIS

THIS year the *Lewis and Clark* tennis team is handicapped by a late start in organizing the squad for practice and by a dearth of lettermen. But if a championship team can be built from faithful work and co-operation between coach and players, Coach Louis S. Livingston's team should go far this season.

Only one meet had been held by the team up to the time the *Tiger* went to press. This was with *West Valley;* the *Lewis and Clark* team won nine out of the twelve matches.

Those players who are the most outstanding are: Elliot Rigsby, Lawrence McDonnell, Henry Dimeling, Charles Means, Richard McIntosh, Rudolph Jandl, Earl Turner, Louis Weiner, Walter Geist, and William Hadicke.

So far, additional matches have been arranged with *Central Valley, Otis Orchards,* and a return match with *West Valley*. Nearly every afternoon the ranking boys have been playing matches, both singles and doubles, among themselves with Mr. Livingston supervising.



RIFLE TEAM

Front Row—Robert Whitelaw, Leonard Jarrard, DeLos Ransom, Richard Chase, Lloyd Johnson, John Gay, Herbert Redfield, John King, Seth Richards.

Back Row—John Peterson, Norman Henry, Howard Hanna, Carl Gill, Fred Lofsvold, John Wills, John Johnson, Kenneth Short, Allen Meisenheimer, John Williams, Kenneth Underhill, Jack Harding, Don Stewart, Coach J. G. McMacken, Malcolm Johnson.

RIFLE

SINCE 1916 when it was organized through the efforts of Lloyd Long, the *Lewis and Clark* rifle squad, under the coaching of J. G. McMacken, has been doing its share towards adding national athletic prestige to the name of *Lewis and Clark*. Affiliated with the National Rifle Association, Junior Rifle corps, the team has held telegraphic meets with and defeated many of the strongest teams in that organization. Although the team has participated in six matches with five different opponents up to the time the *Tiger* went to press, it has been defeated but once.

The schools that the team has competed against are: *Darbly,* Philadelphia; *Cleveland,* St. Louis; *Everett,* Everett, Wash.; *Lincoln,* Tacoma; *Central,* St. Paul.

The team, defeated only by the *Darbly* riflemen, has amassed a total score of 5,977 against 5,710 for its opponents.

A steady hand and a keen eye are the requisites for becoming an "expert" rifleman.

Leonard Jarrard is high-point man.

BASEBALL

THE *Lewis and Clark* baseball team got off to an auspicious start in the city high school baseball series by defeating *Hillyard,* 2 to 1, Thursday, April 17.

The game was a pitchers' duel throughout. Saunders, *Lewis and Clark,* and Cedar, *Hillyard,* hooked up for the first seven innings. Cedar allowed only six hits while his teammates were hitting Saunders for eight and playing errorless ball. Saunders, however, hurled an excellent game, keeping the hits well scattered. In the eighth inning, Melior was injected into the game, stopping *Hillyard's* scoring chances.

LEWIS AND CLARK, 2 HILLYARD, 1

Lewis and Clark	A.B.	R.	H.
Newcomb, cf	4	1	2
Francis, 2b	3	0	1
K. Peterson, ss	4	0	1
C. Peterson, c	3	0	0
Perry, rf	2	0	0
Krebs, 1b	3	0	1
Porter, lf	3	0	0
Miller, 3b	3	1	1
Sanders, p	1	0	0
Melior, p	0	0	0
Totals	25	2	6

Hillyard	A.B.	R.	H.
Sandstrum, 2b	3	0	1
James, ss	5	0	2
Jones, cf	5	0	1
Cedar, p	3	0	1
Moberly, c	4	0	0
Bauer, lf	3	1	2
Baldwin, 1b	3	0	0
Kroske, rf	1	0	0
Green, 3b	1	0	0
Russell	1	0	0
Meyers, rf	2	0	1
Totals	31	1	8

Three base hit, Miller. Double play, Peterson to Francis to Krebs. Bases on balls, off Cedar, 2; off Sanders, 3; off Melior, 1. Struck out, by Cedar, 8; by Sanders, 3; by Melior, 2. Umpire, "Dutch" Altman.

As the Hillyard team is the logical aggregation to defeat in order to win the city series, early season "dope" would give Lewis and Clark a slight advantage in the race for the pennant.



Clarence Porter Allen Saunders Wendell Newcomb

Charles Peterson Harold Melior

Robert Miller Wallace Geraghty Harry Hanson



Marshall Francis

Harold Melior

Burchard Krebs

Wayne Olsen

John Hayes

Kermit Wasmuth

Ross Perry

Earl Green



COACHES

"Pete" Hupperten, Swimming; Neil D. McKain, Baseball; "Bill" Smith, Football; Robert A. Ambrose, Track; E. L. "Squinty" Hunter, Basketball.

SPRING FOOTBALL

UNDER the direction of coach "Bill" Smith, the entire football squad practiced for two weeks this spring. After that, various other spring sports took all but thirty-five of the men, who practiced for two weeks longer. The players went deeply into fundamentals and studied the game from various angles.

There will be twelve lettermen back next fall. They are: Charles Peterson, John Doric, John Bley, Owen Brady, Robert Williamson, Wilson Crowther, Donald Harvey, Kermit Wasmuth, John Hayes, Donald Kizer, Lloyd Avery, Donald Douglass.

The boys' sports editor wishes to gratefully acknowledge the splendid assistance rendered by *Robin Bradley*. As unofficial photographer of the Tiger, he has freely used his time and ability in helping make this department, we feel, as complete and comprehensive as possible.

TRACK

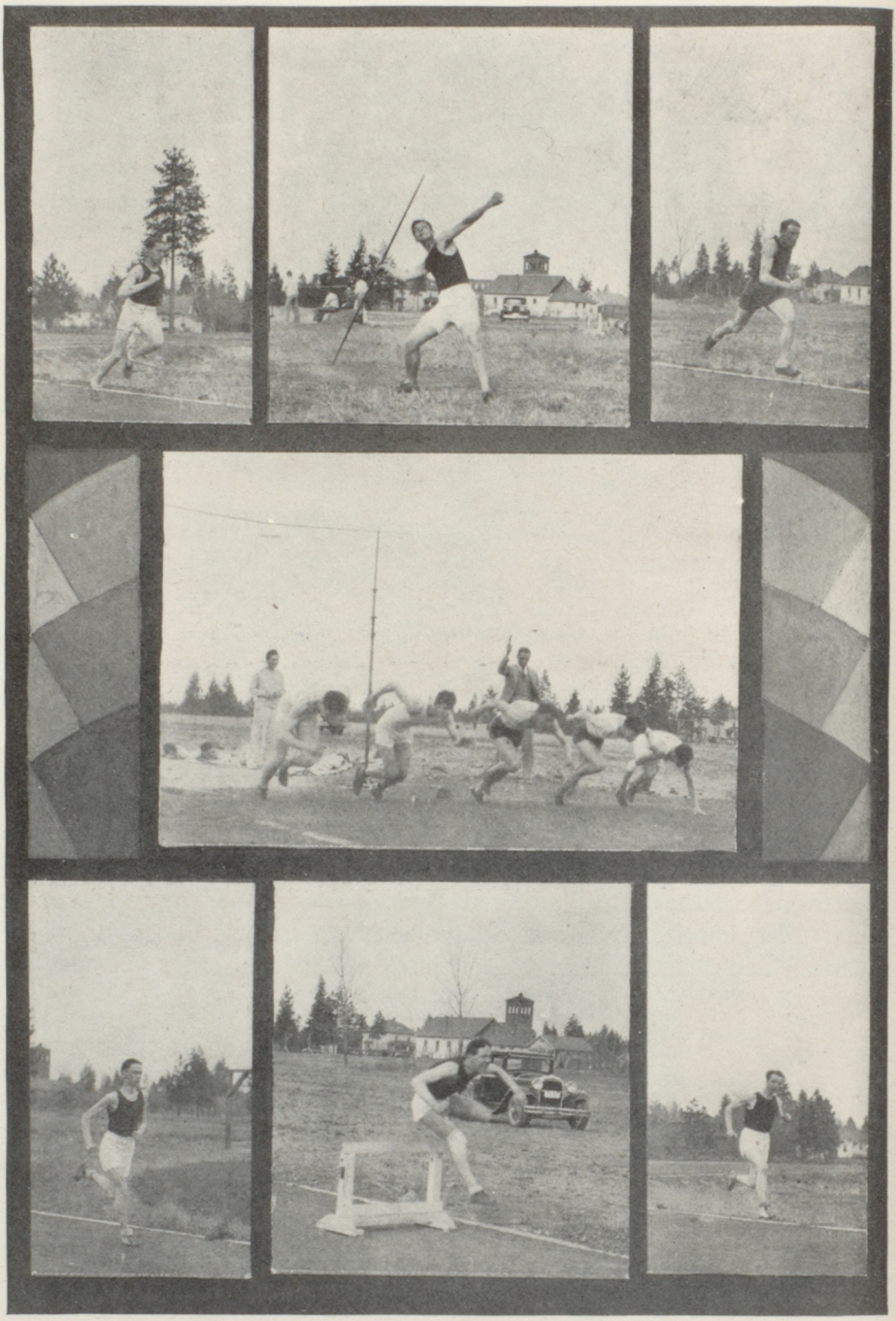
INSTEAD of pinning its hopes for a successful season upon a few outstanding stars as it did in 1929, the *Lewis and Clark* track team this year is striving, under the coaching of Robert A. Ambrose, to develop, through faithful, persistent practice, a capable, smooth-working machine that will "bring home the bacon."

Although the team has lost most of its outstanding performers of last season, the other city high schools seem to be laboring under the same difficulty. Therefore, even a pessimist should grant *Lewis and Clark* a fighting chance for the city track pennant. However, coach Ambrose shakes his head dubiously when anyone inquires about the possibility of the team retaining the state championship that it won in 1929.

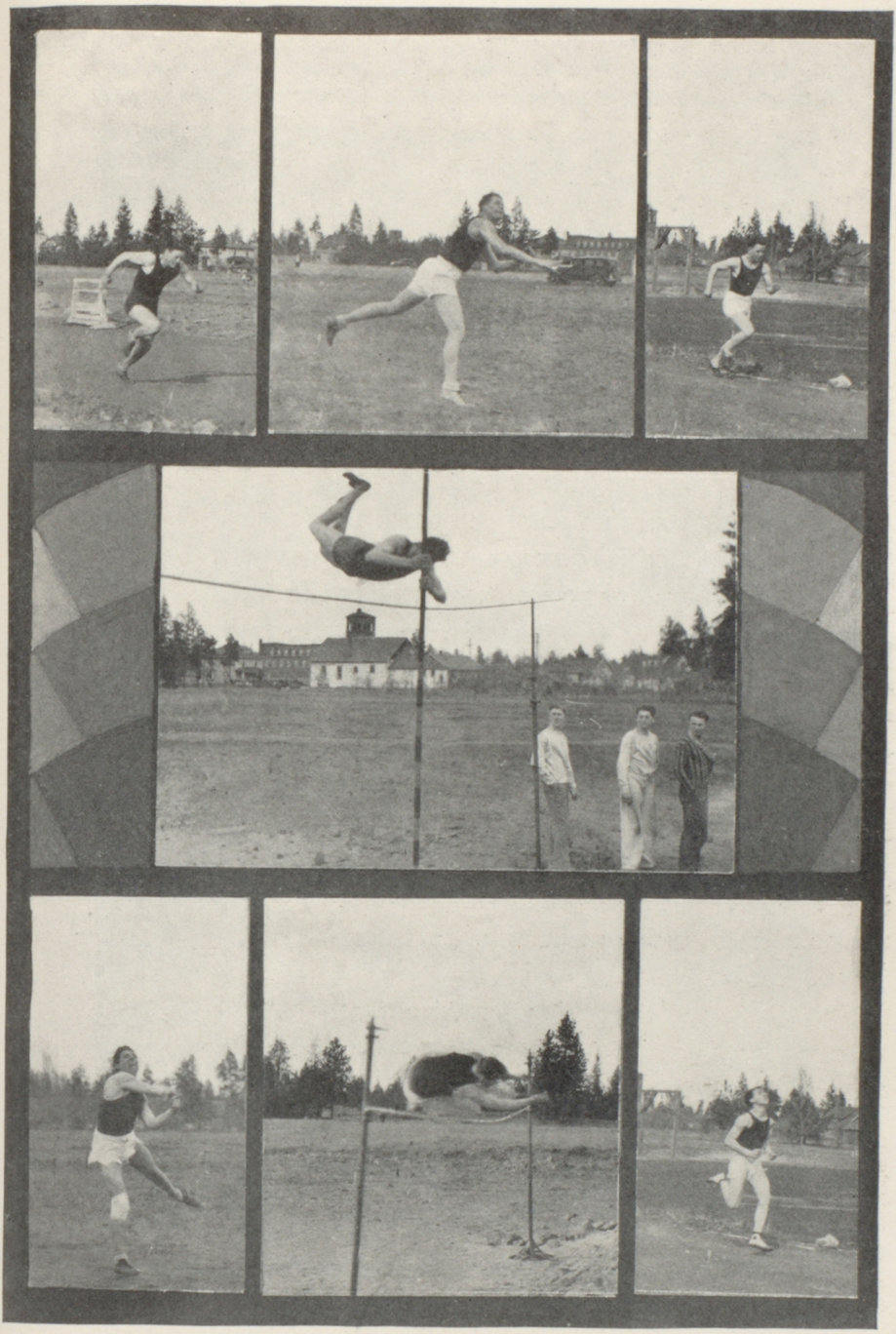
After six weeks of practice, the following men have stepped into the lead in their various events:

100-yard dash—George Ott, Bill Johnson, Clarence Wollen; 220-yard dash—George Ott, Bill Johnson, Oran Dover; 440-yard dash—Kenneth Leendersten, Don Harvey, Jack Houston; 880-yard run—Kenneth Leendersten, Harold Hawley, Tony Perry; mile run—John Gaby, Everette Hanson, Osborne Cooper, Vernon Johnson; hurdles—Galen Buckles, William Boyd, Robert Milligan, Virgil Riley, Vernon Erickson; discus and shot—Edwin Bowker, Joe McCarthy, John Mitchell, Galen Buckles; high jump—Don Kizer, Marvin Bennington, William Knott, Harold Hawley; pole vault—William Shuster, Roy Paine; Javelin—Edwin Bowker, Donald Kizer, John Mitchell.

The lettermen on the squad are: Edwin Bowker, Galen Buckles, Kenneth Leendersten, Harold Hawley, Clarence Wollen, and Donald Kizer. Those on the team who have won letters for cross country are: Kenneth Leendersten, John Gaby, and Vernon Johnson.



Kenneth Leendersten John Mitchell Harold Hawley
George Ott, Bill Johnson, Clarence Wollan, Oran Dover, Thomas Matthews
Penfield Markham Galen Buckles Raymond Weston



Oran Dover

Galen Buckles

Edwin Bowker
William Shuster
Donald Kizer

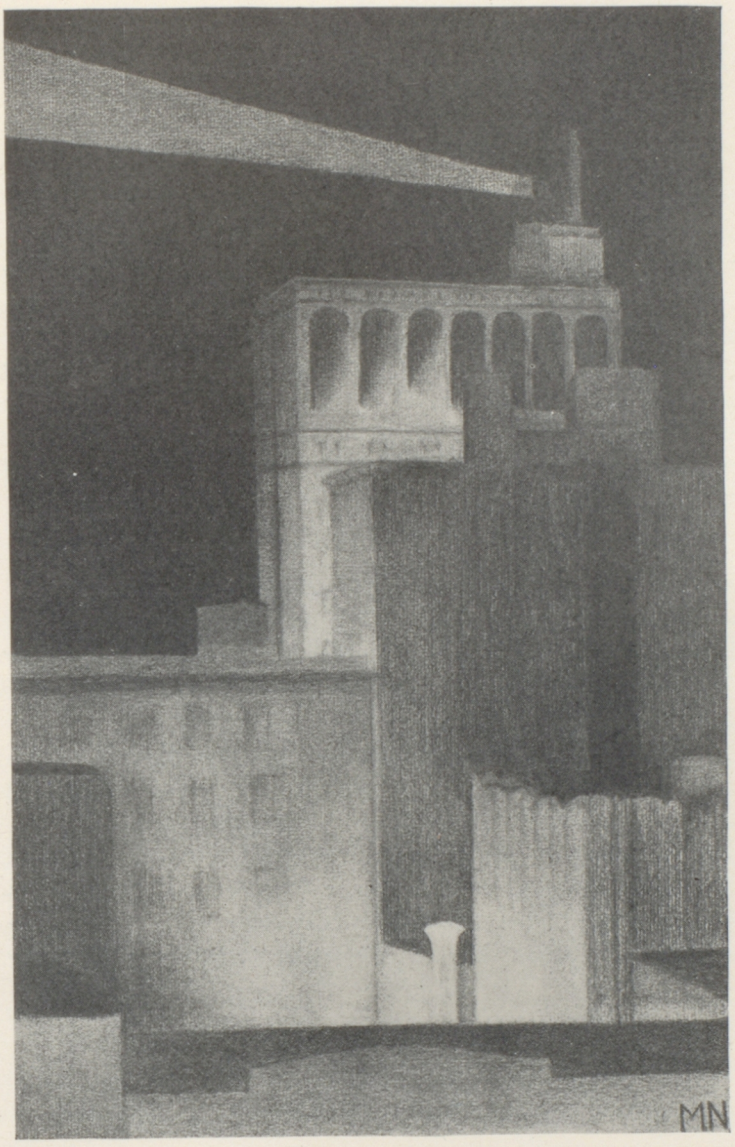
John Gaby

Vernon Johnson

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE JUNE CLASS OF 1930!

THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY SPREAD OUT BEFORE YOU IS WIDE. THOSE WHO PRECEDED YOU HAVE PREPARED THE WAY, AND HAVE LAID FOUNDATIONS DEEP AND SOLID UPON WHICH YOU MAY BUILD. THE TYPE OF SUPER-STRUCTURE DEPENDS UPON YOU ALONE. THE MATERIALS AT HAND WERE NEVER SO GOOD, MAKING POSSIBLE FOR EVERY ONE OF YOU THE ULTIMATE SATISFACTION OF AMBITIONS REALIZED.

W. D. VINCENT
President Old National Bank.



ACTIVITIES

SENIOR CLUB LIFE

LEWIS and Clark, for many years has had a large number of very interesting clubs. These have been engaged in beneficial work furthering the ambitions of students in special lines. The Senior A class has always been active in all the school organizations.

The Classical Club was created as a means of drawing together the students with the highest standings in the Classical course. This year has been one of special interest owing to the fact that there has been a nation-wide celebration of Virgil's birthday. The seniors of the group have occupied themselves in presenting Virgilian plays and tableaux. It is remarkable that the highest honor student of almost every graduating class has been among the members of the Classical Club. This semester, the valedictorian, the salutatorian, and eleven scholars honored by Crest awards are in the membership. Miss Dean has aided the work immeasurably as faculty director.

The Senior A's of the club are:—

Isla Ward, Alice Jean Hogue, Dorothy Thomson, Helen Burr, Jean Robinson, Frances Fursey, Louise Renshaw, Jack Greenway, George McDowell, Jean Logan, Betty Mowery, Charlotte Slater, Mary Skene, Janet Ramage, Maxine Noland, Margaret Lyng.

The Papyrus Club was founded in 1915 to promote interest in good literature and to develop latent ability to write both prose and verse. The word "Papyrus" means the pith of a plant which was used as writing material by the early Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans. In June each member receives a book which marks out the work and programs for the ensuing year. The president is Harriett White, a senior who last year won the essay contest. Miss Frye acts as faculty advisor and Miss Cassill as faculty critic.

The Senior A's of the club are:—

Raymond Weston, Harriett White, Edith McAllister, Vernon Johnson, Jean Robinson, Merritt Winans, Frances Fursey, Rosemary Lovell, Diana Malott.

The word Adelante in Spanish means "forward." The club of that name encourages a greater interest in Spanish speaking peoples and countries. The members publish a small magazine "The Adelante" which is written entirely in Spanish. The proceeds from this paper are turned over to the playfiield fund. The faculty director is Miss Pope.

The Senior A's of the club are:—

Louise Renshaw, Dorothy Cowley, Thomas Quinn, Robin Bradley, Katherine von Oven, Philip Holman.

The Curie is a club for girls. It is named in honor of the distinguished Madame Curie, the scientist who discovered radium. Part of its time, the club devotes to a study of parliamentary procedure. A senior, Esther Oswald, is the president, and Miss Lake is faculty director.

The Senior A's of the club are:—

Mildred Peterson, Ruth Hummel, Esther Oswald, Bessie Coates, Larhea Gooding, Leah Jaehn.

The Girls' Athletic Club is made up of juniors and seniors who have won four awards in inter-class sports, or their L. C. in tennis or swimming. Its signal purpose is to promote a growing interest in girl's sports. The director of the gym department, Miss Baltezore, is also the faculty member of this group.

The Senior A's of this club are:—

Rosemary Lovell, Dorothy Williams, Louise Renshaw, Ruth Mosely.

Mr. d'Urbal is the faculty advisor of the Lafayette Club which is composed entirely of French students with high standings. The members must also possess the ability to speak French fluently as nothing else is spoken in the meetings. All the officers are seniors with Betty Bertles leading them as president.

The Senior A's of the club are:—

Isla Ward, Elizabeth Blair, Janet Ramage, Helen Pinkerton, Mary Skene, Jean Logan, Betty Mowery, Jean Robinson, Charles Benson, Verle Larson, Marion Wiesner, Maxine Noland, Donald McKean, George McDowell, Betty Bertles.

Senior Daniel Prosser, is the president of the Palimpsest Club. The word "Palimpsest" means an old parchment which has been written and rewritten upon again and again. Honor history students comprise the members of the club. This year they have sponsored a group of photoplays, "The Chronicles of America," and an illustrated lecture on local history by Mr. Teakle. Miss West is faculty advisor and gives a great deal of her time to the development of this group.

The Senior A's of the club are:—

Edward Balzer, Charles Benson, Almond Bergin, Dorothy Bussard, Sidney Cooper, Alice Jean Hogue, Rosemary Lovell, Eldon Magnuson, Kathleen Mauser, William McMillen, Virgil Sprague, Harvey Meyer, Oliver Moore, Anita Paquin, Daniel Prosser, Iris Starlin.

For girls who enjoy hiking the Sacajawea Club furnishes a splendid opportunity. The members hike every two weeks during the spring and once a month in the fall. The faculty director is Miss Baltezore.

The Senior A's of the club are:—
Mable Braham, Anita Paquin.

From the word "Thespo" meaning "I act" the Thespian Club takes its name. Margaret Lyng, a senior is president with Mr. McElvain as faculty director. At the meetings the members present plays. Their purpose is to develop an appreciation of drama.

The Senior A's of the club are:—

Alice Jean Hogue, Betty Bertles, Margaret Lyng, Diana Malott, Jean Logan, Alice Schenkenberger, Edwin Johnson, Marion Wiesner.

With Louise Renshaw, senior, as president, the Racquet Club stimulates an interest in tennis. It aims to develop enthusiasm and good sportsmanship among the girls. Miss Velikanje aids this objective as faculty director.

The Senior A's of the club are:—

Louise Renshaw, Ruth Mosely, Larhea Gooding.

The Engineers was the name chosen by a new manual arts club. Its members are composed of the Architectural Club and all the juniors and seniors enrolled in the manual arts course. Its aim is to give all the students a thorough knowledge of the engineering profession.

The Senior A's of the club are:—

Bernard McDonell, Melvin Nelson, Percy Pharr, Harold Young.

Five members of the Fine Arts Club are on the Tiger Staff. This club has completed the publication and the sale of a book of block prints of scenic Spokane. They have also mounted a collection of worth while reproductions of famous paintings. Miss Fisken is the faculty advisor.

The Senior A's of the club are:—

Percy Pharr, Verle Larson, Helen Sessions, Rowena Anderson, Elizabeth Maddux, Doris Hubble.

The membership of the Mathematics club is limited to ten boys and ten girls. In the spring it sponsors an algebra contest, which is of interest to freshman and sophomores; and in the fall a contest on the practical application of mathematics, of interest to upperclassmen. Miss Claussen gives her time as faculty advisor with fine effect.

The Senior A's of the club are:—

Charles Means, Jack MacIntosh, Grace Hunt, Elizabeth Hawley, Maxine Noland, Rudolph Jandl, Charlotte Slater.

Mr. Anderson is the advisor and Herbert Redfield, a senior, is the president of the Science Club. The membership consists entirely of

boys who have had at least two years work in science and have shown a special aptitude in their work. At meetings various scientific problems are presented by the members.

The Senior A's of the club are:—

Penfield Markham, Harvey Meyer, Herbert Redfield, Preston Swann, Fred Lofsvold, Jack MacIntosh, Jack Yonago, Arnold Rohde, Daniel Prosser, Robin Bradley, Herbert Aller, Raymond Weston, Louis Pospisil, Walter Geist, Wesley Fenstermacher, George Baumgartner, Rudolph Jandl.

The Senate Club, which consists wholly of boys, has Mr. Livingston as its director. It is an outlet for a group of students who enjoy speaking from the floor and training in parliamentary procedure. The meetings consist of debates, mock trials, and impeachment proceedings. This spring the boys have been indulging in several games of baseball as a side-line interest.

The Senior A's of the club are:—

Franklin Curtis, Carl Hillman, Philip Holman, Vernon Johnson, Harvey Meyer, John Witter, Jack Greenway.

The Stoddard King Chapter of the Quill and Scroll is the only chapter of a national organization in Spokane. It sponsors many interests, such as journalistic contests, presentation of Stoddard King in a general convocation, and continual encouragement for truthful journalism. It is generally considered a high honor to be enrolled in this group. Mr. Miller, journalism instructor, is the advisor.

The Senior A's of the club are:—

Betty Bertles, Charles Means, Donald McKean, Doris Long, Merritt Winans, Rosemary Lovell, Eileen Anderson, Harriett White, William McMillen, June Ely, Cecile Buckner, Lucille Abraham, Diana Malott.

Robert Greisser, senior, is president of the Rheingold, a newly organized German Club. Under the direction of Miss Sturow the club studies German literature and takes up the study of different German poets each month. They have an orchestra, under the direction of Robert Welty, which plays German melodies and accompanies general singing.

The Senior A's of the club are:—

Paul Geibel, Robert Greisser, Maurice Tewinkel, Walter Geist, Jack Greenway, Leah Jaehn, Dorothy Wolter, Esther Oswald, Adalyn Schomer.

Pictures of Lewis and Clark service organizations follow on the next six pages.



GIRLS' FEDERATION OFFICERS

Front Row—Ann Blake, vice-president; Agnes Dahl, president; Mary Ann Wheeler, secretary.

Back Row—Kathleen Salisbury, assistant secretary; Mary Lou Petty, assistant sergeant-at-arms; Isla Ward, treasurer; Betty Lombard, business manager; Catherine Jones, sergeant-at-arms.



BOYS' FEDERATION OFFICERS

Front Row—Theodore Weholt, vice-president; Cyril Geraghty, president; Wallace Geraghty, fifth executive.

Back Row—George Carter, treasurer; Robert Skindlov, sergeant-at-arms; Kenneth Peterson, secretary.



JOURNAL EDITORIAL STAFF

First Row—June Ely, Lois McCluskie, Ethel Bardwell, Lular Brewer, Doris Long, Ruth Salisbury, Lucile Abraham.

Second Row—Rosemary Lovell, Cecile Buckner, Lucille Carlson, Harriet White, Alice Hewitt, Beatrice Schlager, Marjorie Poorman, Ruth Allen.

Third Row—Eldon Magnuson, Paul Hoag, Philip Kaufman, Charles Brooks, Neil Breen, Merritt Winans.

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DESK EDITORS: Helen Broom, Alice Hewitt, Marjorie Poorman, Beatrice Schlager, and Harriet White.

STAFF WRITERS: Lucile Abraham, convocations, drama, senior class news; Ruth Allen, girls' sports; Ethel Bardwell, staff typist; Neil Breen, cartoonist; Lulah Brewer, classical and modern languages, social sciences; Charles Brooks, humor; Cecile Buckner, publications and mathematics; Lucile Carlson, exchange editor; June Ely, girls' activities; Paul Hoag, boys' federation, natural sciences, and manual arts; Philip Kaufman, boys' sports; Diana Malott, literary activities, oratory, and debate; Robert Martin, editorials; Lois McCluskie, office reporter; Ruth Salisbury, alumni editor and commercial work; Marjorie Watson, fine arts and home economics; and Merritt Winans, music critic.

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT: James Lewis, advertising manager; Mary Swineheart, assistant manager.

Instructor in Journalism ..... Carl G. Miller
Instructor in Advertising ..... Charles E. Baten

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ORCHESTRA

First Row—William Littell, Eugene Kane, Francis McKittrick, Lora Sherwood, Jane Berkey, Jessie Scott, Genevieve Wilson, Richard Pease, Dorothy Wilson, Frances Hoffman, Janeth Hogue, Elsa Herbst, Glenn Colyar, Ann Stromstead, Donald Stewart, Arthur Rorberg, Betty Berkey.

Second Row—Helen Bacchus, Helen Wilson, James Clark, Gladys Austin, Gleneva Bland, Malcolm Fries, Hiram Arnold, Carl Siegert, Richard Melberg, Walter Frazer, Roger Fruei, Tony Perry, Earl Peterson, George Tonhofer.

Third Row—Marion Collins, Helen MacGregor, Ruth Ely, Eleanor Goeke, Elaine McGilvray, Alma Rich, Edwin Buckly, Bennie Hahn, Carl Weisman, Ted Stahlborn, Eleanor Diehl, Rudolph Jandl, Margaret Brady, Nannybelle Durway.

Fourth Row—Virginia Kane, Richard Lawrence, Eugene Weidner, William Butts, Merritt Winans, John Williams, Edward Bland, Lester Menold, Dunbar Triplett, Clyde Eldore, Winifred Scanlon.

Fifth Row—Kristie Fristrup, Harry Baldwin, James Harding, John Davis, William Woodman, Doris Braudvold, Mr. Stout, Harriet Wyatt, Royce Eldore, Evangeline Blades, Richard McIntosh, Elbridge Bacon, Leonard Rowe.



GLEE CLUB

First Row—Eleanor Hupe, Carmen Simanson, Estalla James, Lulu Shaw, Mary Garcea, Vivian Boyden, Ruth Fried, Ruth Powell, Margaret Hatch, Sylva Sims.

Second Row—Edith Kerr, Catherine Egan, Thelma Severin, Gwendolyn Hennen, Margaret Boatsman, Eloise Lens, Evelyn James, Ramona Reeves, Helen Sessions, Hilda Flansburg, Mr. Mather.

Third Row—Lorraine Tuttle, Elaine Wyckman, Ida B. Martin, Shirley Modesitt, Nina Kingsriter, Helen Birge, Evelyn Koch, Katherine Killen, Alice Skindlov, Cora Jones, Miranda Austin.

Fourth Row—Marie Allen, Barbara Denham, Nancy Cole, Elizabeth Kistler, Earline Prophet, Bernice Lerch, Grace Clark, Gertrude Phelp, Gertrude Gustafson, Louise Hechtner, Beula McFadzen.

SENIOR A ROLL CALL

Best looking girl	Betty Dahl
Class flirt	Evelyn Little
Class clown	Ralph Buell
Biggest feet	Joe McCarthy
Sleepiest	Maxine Noland
That school-girl complexion	Oliver Moore
Sweetest girl	Frances Fursey
Sweetest boy	Billy McMillen
That chubby little rascal	Louise Renshaw
Deutschland uber alles	Bob Greisser
Hypercritical Hattie	Harriett White
Most devoted couple	Helen Bacchus and Merritt Winans
The perennial Freshie	Charlotte Slater (Oh, those curls!)
The most inspired	Patricia Foster
School's oldest settler	Ed Bowker
Weary Willie	Ray Weston
Lily of the field	Bob Blackwell
The percolator	Betty Bertles
The foghorn	Ruth Mosely
Li'l postage stamp	Diana Malott
That athletic figure	Dan Blossey
Old fashioned girl	Dorothy Fiala
Most dignified lady	Jean Robinson
Shrinking violet	Rudy Jandl
Class Woman Hater	Ted Weholt
Mamma's boy	Cy Geraghty
That sunny smile	Katherine Karkau
That innocent child	Don McKean
Baby face	Ava Dittmer
That perfect profile	Turner Dreher
Li'l radiator	Isla Ward
Our dimpled nymph	John Witter
Party Girl	Dorothy Wobbe
That becoming wave	Ed Johnson
That busy man	Charles Means
The sweetest disposition	Iris Starlin
Best housewife	Lillian Olson
Leaping Lena	Ethel Bardwell
The String Bean	Elizabeth Blair
Just one of the girls	Louis Pospisil
The Bearded Lady	Franklin Curtis



SENIORS AT PLAY



SENIORS AT PLAY



SENIORS AT PLAY

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

AN ear splitting shriek broke the silence of the night, as the midnight express thundered along the winding track. Sparks belched from the stack in an angry swirl, as if from the nostrils of a fiery dragon. With a hiss like an infuriated demon, the engine swung around a bend and there—there in the middle of the track—stood little Mary, helpless, in the face of inevitable doom!

Could no one save her? Must she be ground beneath tons of seething machinery? No! Over the fields came a rider, hatless, coatless, brainless, footloose, and what not. His monocle had fallen from his eye, and he was suffering agony from a hang-nail on his thumb, yet on into the night he rode. It was Martin Schroder—the farmer's boy! Ah! How like a Pennsylvanian cowboy he handled his mount. Not once heeding his unpolished shoes, or the smarting hangnail, but with only one thought in mind, he urged the old gray mare on. Across fields of blooming spinach and budding spaghetti vines—over fences and through dense thickets—our hero dashed to the rescue. Would he reach the track in time? Yes! With a final dash, he shoved Mary from under the wheels as the train swished past!

She was saved, and Martin was hysterical with joy, for Mary was the only cow that they had on the farm!

Hear the ringing of the bells—
Electric bells—
What a mess of fearful thought their surety compels.
Through the darkness of the night,
How we slave and how we fight
To be ready ere they strike their morning tone;
For every clang that gloats
From the dust within their throats
Evokes a groan.
And the teachers, oh, the teachers!
They stand before their classes all alone.

Poet shot at this point. Stand for one minute with head bowed in his memory and think of a good Scotch joke.

The concert was in full swing when a voice from the audience was heard to shout: "Where did you get that rummy flute player?" Mr. Stout stopped the orchestra and refused to continue until the person who had cast the insult should arise and apologize. Presently a man stood up in the balcony. "Are you the person who said that we have a rummy flute player?" asked the director. "No," come the answer, "I just wondered who called that rummy a flute player."

÷

Miss Seigler: "I'm half tempted to give you a test."

Virgil Sprague: "Yield not to temptation."

÷

Believe it or not, this one really happened:

Helen Sessions, in history class: "And the railroads began to organize themselves into t r u n k lines."

Miss Siegler: "Helen, what is a trunk line?"

Helen: "Er-uh-well, it must be a baggage car."

÷

THE STENOG'S VACATION

My tYpust is on hor vacution
My trpi st's awau fpr a week
My typudt us in hwr vscarion
Wgile these danm kews' plasy
hude and seej.

÷

I rose and gave her my seat:
I could not let her stand—
She made me think of mother,
With that strap in her hand.

"Life is but an empty dream, a sleep and a forgetting."

(They meant school life).

÷

Lucile Abraham: "He had an evil look in his eye."

Kathryn Egan: "Dear boy, he's always thinking of me."

÷

Did you ever see a Scotchman with more than one given name?

÷

The human brain is a wonderful organ; it starts working as soon as we wake up in the morning, and never stops until we get to school.

÷

A duel was fought by Alexander Shott and John E. Nott. Nott was shot and Shott was not. In this case it would be better to be Shott than Nott.

There is a rumor that Nott was not Shott, but Shott vows that he was not. Which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot. Or that Nott was shot, notwithstanding it may be made to appear in trial that the shot Shott shot, shot Nott, or, as accidents with fire-arms are frequent it may be possible that the shot Shott shot, or Shott shot himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original element, and Shott would be shot and Nott would be not.

Some folks think, however, that the shot Shott shot, shot not Shott himself, but Nott.

Who the heck was shot in the first place?

Mr. Toevs (to Doris Hubble in Economics class): "Did your grandfather have running water on his farm?"

Doris Hubble (Hesitantly): "Yes, but you have to pump it first."

÷

Marion Wiesner: "That man looks just like a Greek God."

Lillian Olson: "Yes, but he has Roman hands."

÷

Don McKean, in his motor car
Was going fast, and going far,
Along the ways.
Up spoke the judge with solemn air,
"You are not going anywhere
For thirty days."

÷

Rudy Jandl: "This quarter is no good, it won't ring."

Charles Means: "What do you want for two bits, chimes?"

÷

Alice Jean's a lithesome girl,
Rosemary is stout,
Agnes owns the cutest curl,
Kathryn knocks them out.
Helen's figure's full of grace,
Cecile wields the lip stick,
Dorothy leads a furious pace—
Marion swings a niblick.
Isla advocates bare knees—
You contribute what you please.

÷

Al Spencer was reading Tam O'Shanter aloud, and when he came to the part where Tam saw old Nick, Mr. Canup stopped the reading and asked Al who old Nick was.

Al Spencer: "Santa Claus."

Miss Collins (coming into an economics class): "Is Agnes Dahl in the room?"

Mr. Toevs: "No, she isn't here."

Miss Collins: "Oh, I remember now. I saw her in the office and beat her up."

÷

"That librarian drives McCreazy," muttered the ejected student as he wended his way toward the office.

÷

Ava Dittmer (referring to Ralph Buell in Miss Gwinn's 6th period English VIII class): "Doesn't he look like Apollo with that curly hair?"

Ralph Buell (who never hears anything as it is said): "A pile o' what?"

÷

THE BARBER'S REVENGE
A Hair Story

1930—Paleface Moore (never been shaved): "When can I get a shave?"

Barber: "In about two years."

1940—Scarface Moore (being lacerated in a tonsorial parlor): "May I have a glass of water?"

Barber: "Thirsty?"

Oliver Moore: "No, I want to see if my neck leaks."

Barber: "I'm going to open a butcher shop soon."

O. Moore: "What, and close this one?"

÷

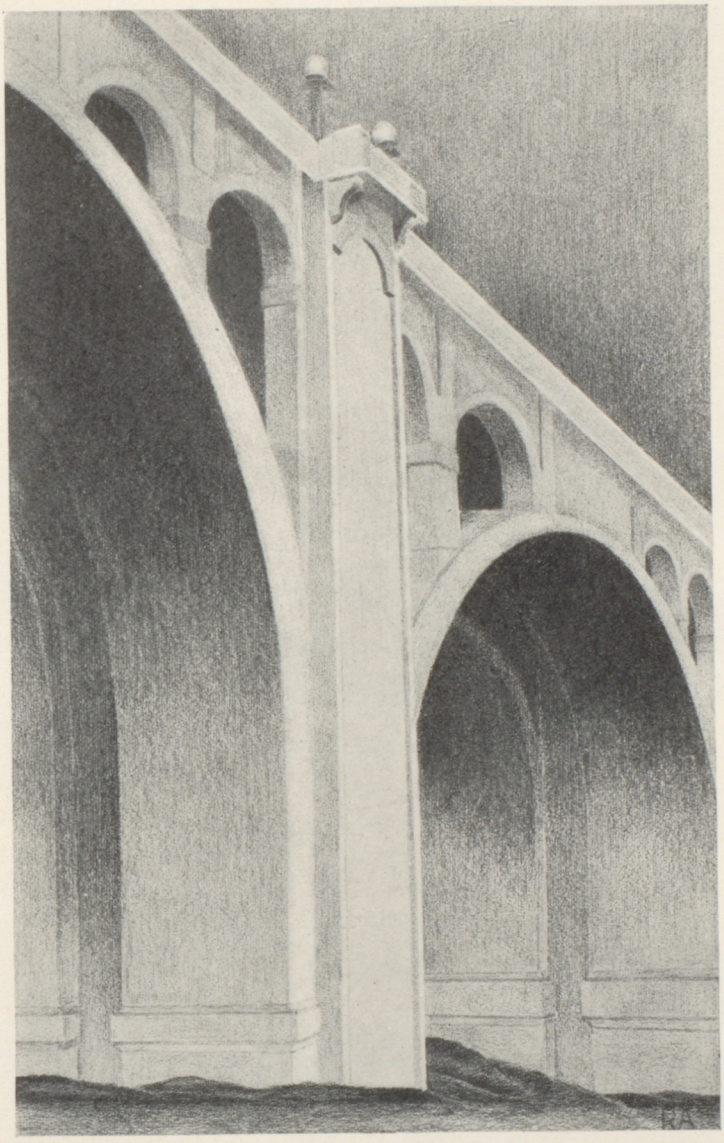
Mr. Fredrickson: "Just why do some draftsmen receive $30 a week while others receive $90 a week? What is the important difference?"

Jack Adams: "$60 a week."

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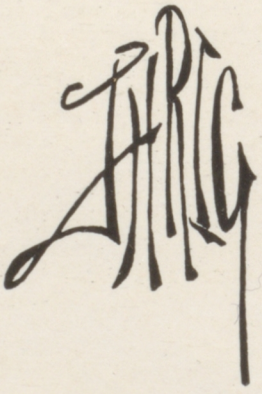
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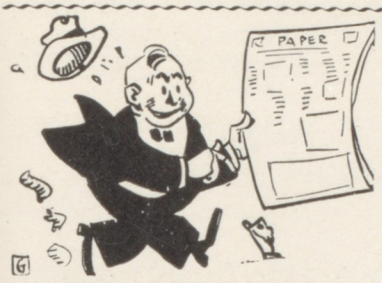
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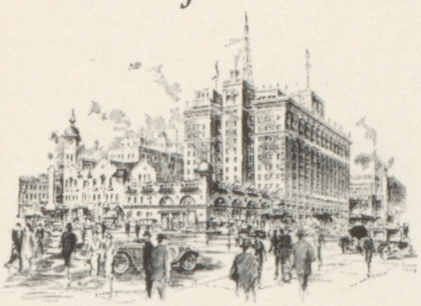
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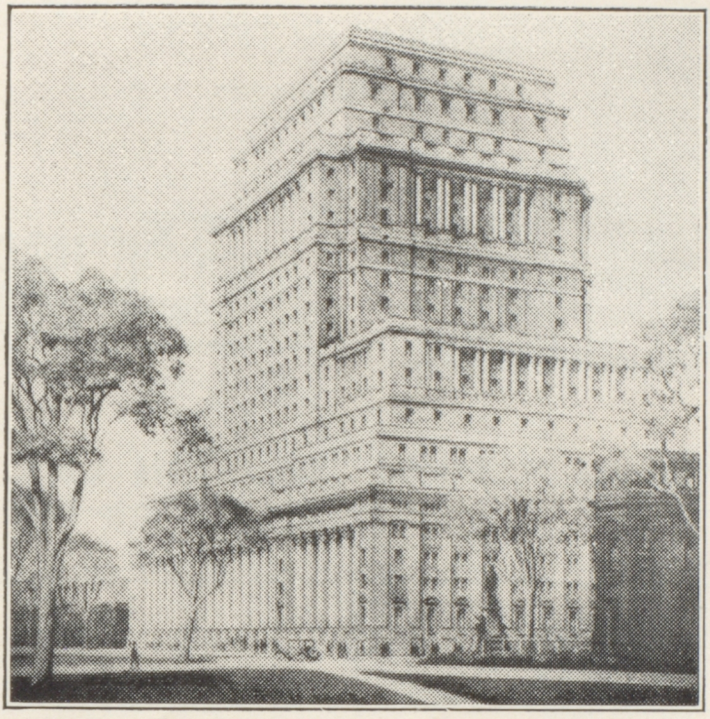
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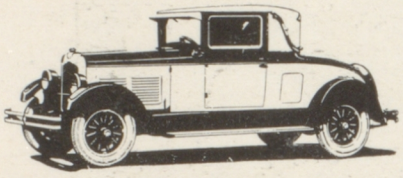
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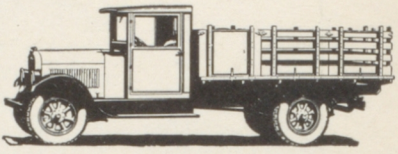
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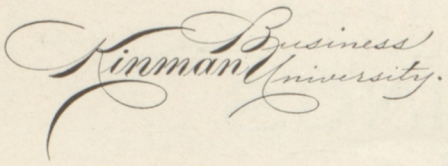
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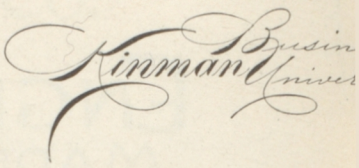


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